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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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CROMWELL AT WHITEHALL. *From the painting by Julius Schrader*

Plays and Landscapes*

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

IN a book I wrote called How To Write I made a discovery which I considered fundamental, that sentences are not emotional and that paragraphs are. I found out about language that paragraphs are emotional and sentences are not and I found out something else about it. I found out that this difference was not a contradiction but a combination and that this combination causes one to think endlessly about sentences and paragraphs because the emotional paragraphs are made up of unemotional sentences.

I found out a fundamental thing about plays. The thing I found out about Plays was too a combination and not a contradiction and it was something that makes one think endlessly about plays.

That something is this:

The thing that is fundamental about plays is that the scene as depicted on the stage is more often than not one might say it is almost always in syncopated time in relation to the emotion of anybody in the audience.

What this says is this:

Your sensation as one in the audience in relation to the play played before you your sensation I say your emotion concerning that play is always either behind or ahead of the play at which you are looking and to which you are listening. So your emotion as a member of the audience is never going on at the same time as the action of the play.

This thing the fact that your emotional time as an audience is not the same as the emotional time of the play is what makes one endlessly troubled about a play, because not only is there a thing to know as to why this is so but also there is a thing to know why perhaps it does not need to be so. . . .

If you are taking part in an actual violent scene, and you talk and they or he or she talk and it goes on and it gets more exciting and finally then it happens, whatever it is that does happen, then when it happens then at the moment of happening is it a relief from the excitement or is it a completion of the excitement. In the real thing it is a relief from the excitement, and in that difference the difference between completion and relief is the difference between the emotion concerning a thing seen on the stage and the emotion concerning a real presentation that is really something happening. . . .

I felt that if a play was exactly like a landscape then there would be no difficulty about the emotion of the person looking on at the play being behind or ahead of the play because the landscape does not have to make acquaintance. You may have to make acquaintance with it, but it does not with you, it is there and so the play being written the relation between you at any time is so exactly that that it is of no importance unless you look at it. Well I did look at it and the result is in all the plays that I have printed as Operas and Plays. . . .

The only one of course that has been played is Four Saints. In Four Saints I made the Saints the landscape. All the saints that I made and I made a number of them because after all a great many pieces of things are in a landscape all these saints together made my landscape. These attendant saints were the landscape and it the play really is a landscape.

A landscape does not move nothing really moves in a landscape but things are there, and I put into the play the things that were there. . . .

While I was writing the Four Saints I wanted one always does want the saints

(*Continued on next page*)

* The following article is condensed from a lecture on Plays which Gertrude Stein is planing to deliver during her current American trip.

Ungathered Apples

By ROBERT FROST

A SCENT of ripeness from over a wall.
There, sure enough, stood an apple tree
Of all but its trivial foliage free
And breathing light as a lady's fan.
And there there had been an apple fall
As complete as the apple had given man.
The ground was one circle of solid red.
May something go always unharvested,
Much, much stays out of our stated plan—
Apples or something forgotten and left
To smelling their sweetness would be no theft.

Cromwell the Opportunist*

BY WALLACE NOTESTEIN

IT was a good day when the author of the brilliant life of Montrose turned his hand to Cromwell. John Buchan is a Conservative and a Scotsman with a natural leaning to the Good Old Cause. There is no Whiggishness about him, no weakness for Puritanism. Yet it has been evident this good while in his writings that he saw much to admire in Cromwell. Furthermore he has so honest a mind that one can expect such fairness as is possible about the most controversial of figures.

He makes no claim for novelty in his reading of Cromwell. There have been quite enough books about Cromwell, in Italian, German, or English, in which new and often forced interpretations have been put forward, or in which Cromwell has been used as a means of setting forth a political philosophy. Buchan's Cromwell is a good deal, as Buchan says, the Cromwell we know in Gardiner and Firth. He has followed both men, and in the slippery places he has kept close to Firth. Gardiner went over the events of the first half of the seventeenth century in great detail and convinced at least his fellow historians that Cromwell was neither an ambitious man nor a hypocrite, but one who did the best he could from day to day, the most typical of Englishmen because an opportunist. The essentials of that picture Firth did not change; if anything, more than Gardiner he stressed the sincerity of the man. In spite of Buchan's disclaimer of originality, he has given us his own account of Cromwell. He has studied for himself the words of Cromwell in his letters and speeches, he has sought to understand what the man was thinking of when he had decisions to make, he has stopped to deal with his moods of exaltation and with his sufferings and even with the relation between his mental and bodily states. These factors were not overlooked by Gardiner and Firth, but Buchan has added something, as an independent mind going over material is likely to do. He has done another thing; he has been at pains to collect and sift all the comments and stories from those who had been with Cromwell or had talked with him. If he is a bit inclined to print, with due reservations of course, some stories that are too much like the standard myths about the great, he has brought together in one book much that is reasonably dependable and has made a more living Cromwell than we have had before. The mystical Cromwell, full of scripture and almost incoherent, is a character that Buchan with his knowledge of certain kinds of Scotsmen is able to grasp and even appreciate.

Buchan's picture of the younger Cromwell deserves some quotation.

> He stood about five feet ten in height, his shoulders were massive, and he had a noble head thatched with thick brown hair which fell below his collar. There was vitality and passion, too, in the long thick nose, with the wide nostrils, and determination in the large, full-lipped mouth; yet it was an attractive face, for it left a dominant impression of kindly sagacity. In his rough country clothes, he must have looked at first sight like any other substantial grazier from the shires, unless the observer had time to mark his brooding, commanding eyes. He was good company, for, though he ate sparingly and drank little but small beer, he could be very merry and join heartily in catches and glees that took his fancy.

Buchan stops after the battle of Winceby to comment again upon Cromwell:

> Discerning men were aware that a new thing had appeared in England. Here was one who had no doubts, who believed wholly in the righteousness of his cause, and was resolved that that cause should prevail in the field . . . who turned his eyes fearlessly to instant needs. He was welding gentility and rusticity, ruffianism and fanaticism into a novel and most formidable army. More, he was devising a new art of war. Old soldiers of the foreign campaigns, conning the news of Gainsborough and Winceby, saw the methods of Gustavus carried to a new pitch of speed and subtlety.

Buchan is intensely interested in Cromwell as a soldier, but the man who was learning politics he finds hardly less worth examination. He pauses after the First Self-Denying Ordinance to comment on the picture of Cromwell at Hinchingbrooke:

> The eyes are troubled, but it is with deep reflection . . . It is the face of a man who knows with utter conviction his immediate purpose. . . Just as in battle he knew where to stop, so he knew in other matters when to speak and when to be silent, when to press forward and when to withdraw. . . The soldier is acquiring his first instruction in state craft.

The years 1647 to 1649 when Charles, a prisoner, was negotiating with the Army, with Parliament, and with the Scots, was indeed playing a game in which by deceiving each party he hoped to come back on his own terms, those years are of great importance in forming an estimate of Cromwell. Hilaire Belloc takes the view that from the early days of November 1647 Cromwell was seeking tortuously a method by which he could do away with the King. It is a view that reveals Belloc's tenacious and tendentious love of a theory. Buchan has other interpretations. To his enemies, Buchan says, Cromwell's doings

> seemed the ingenious shifts of an ambitious man manœuvering for position. But a closer study reveals a very dif-

(*Continued on page 274*)

* *OLIVER CROMWELL. By John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $4.50. CROMWELL. By Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1934. $4.*

This Week

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: VOLUME III.
Reviewed by Sidney B. Fay

THE HOUSE OF ADAM SMITH
By ELI GINZBERG
Reviewed by Fabian Franklin

WINGED VICTORY
By V. M. YEATES
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

CAPTAIN CAUTION
By KENNETH ROBERTS
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THE EXECUTIONER WAITS
By JOSEPHINE HERBST
Reviewed by Selden Rodman

DIAMOND JIM
By PARKER MORELL
Reviewed by Russel Crouse

INTERPOLATION
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week

Articles and Reviews on the Leading Children's Books of the Fall

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Cops and Pies and Bathing Beauties

FATHER GOOSE: The Story of Mack Sennett. By Gene Fowler. New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

NOT since the lusty beer swilling episode in the bordello of William Faulkner's "Sanctuary" has this reviewer read anything comparable in its genre to the tragi-comic events which peppered the life of that entrepreneur of cops and pies and bathing beauties: Maestro Mack Sennett. Here, my hearties, is a tale of titans—no puny, mewling recital of the cultured, Croesus-laden days of the current motion picture industry but a saga of pioneers, of Paul Bunyans and John Henrys who ventured forth into the wilderness of California to build a kingdom of entertainment that has produced such a miracle of civilization as the Roxy usher system. Mr. Fowler, himself one of the first scribbling citizens of this empire, has gazed back with huge nostalgia and slight reverence on the rugged past and evoked an Aesopian legend of the elephant routed by a mouse. The elephant is enacted by that talented comedian, Mr. Sennett; the mouse, who all these years has been posing as a kindly soul and now shows himself in the true colors of a dire villain, is none other than our old friend Mickey. To interpret Mr. Fowler's parable: with the advent of Mickey Mouse and his animated troupe, Sennett and his flesh and blood cohorts fled precipitously from the limelight of public favor.

However, let us not dwell on the Dostoievskian gloom of Mr. Fowler's tragic ending, but rather revel in the halcyon days when the elephant trod his elephantine minuet for the amusement of millions of motion picture addicts the world over. [illegible] son to the posteriors of his distinguished array of clowns. "Mr. Amos Cabot resembled his late father in one respect," writes Mr. Fowler, "—neither had ever been married." Thus begins, with this dry point portrait of Mack Sennett's first boss, the sensitive boiler maker, an epic of a man who knew what he wanted. Actor, choir-singer, burlesque comedian, Mr. Sennett had a gay life and a rough one before he became ensconced in the personally erected tower of his own studio—a tower that boasted of a bath tub so large that it would, and probably did, arouse the envy of that bureaucrat of baths, Mr. Cecil B. DeMille. It was Mr. Sennett's wont to invite those favorites among his executives and actors to join him in a hot plunge, while they discussed everything from the possible fate of a bashful newcomer, Mr. Charles Chaplin, to the proper method of tossing a custard pie.

While we follow the major achievements of our hero in his contributions to the future of the cinema world our eyes can see the power and the glory of a vast array of talent. D. W. Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Lew Cody, Fatty Arbuckle, Jackie Coogan, Eddie Foy, Marie Dressler, and scores of others weave their tortuous ways through this book, uttering phrases worthy of Gene Fowler. We are treated to the spectacle of many lives united in the building of an industry that owes far more to Mack Sennett than probably most of its current inmates, this reviewer included, ever realized before. Sennett did not need to buy a mountain—although he did get it dirt cheap—to perpetuate his memory. The mammoth structure of the motion picture edifice rears its unadjectived head far above that overgrown hill and on its cornerstone is certainly included the name of Sennett.

Whether the reader of these columns has ever attended a motion picture or whether he be a lover of the silver screen, we urge him forthwith to read this valuable document of Americana written in vigorous American language that should delight Mr. Mencken of Baltimore. He will be rewarded with a tale that—to quote cinema advertising terminology—reeks with entertainment, that overflows with human touches, that superabounds with blithe characterizations, that is, in a word—Colossal.

In one of his many pithy comments Mr. Fowler, with a bitterness of soul that so often belongs to the great, mentions that "on his return flights from the motion-picture Parnassus, Pegasus would always be a riderless horse." Mr. Fowler has given the lie to his own statement. This trip Pegasus has come back bearing not only a superlative picture of Parnassus but also a jockey who can ride him like a man out of hell.

George Oppenheimer, formerly a publisher, is now associated with Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., and makes his headquarters in Hollywood.

Plays and Landscapes

(*Continued from first page*)

to be actually saints before them as well as inside them, I had to see them as well as feel them. As it happened, there is on the Boulevard Raspail a place where they make photographs that have always held my attention. They take a photograph of a young girl dressed in the costume of her ordinary life and little by little in successive photographs they change it into a nun. These photographs are small and the thing takes four or five changes but at the end it is a nun and this is done for the family when the nun is dead and in memoriam. For years I had stood and looked at these when I was walking, and finally when I was writing Saint Therese in looking at these photographs I saw how Saint Therese existed from the life of an ordinary young lady to that of the nun. And so everything was actual and I went on writing.

Then in another window this time on the rue de Rennes there was rather a large porcelain group and it was of a young soldier giving alms to a beggar and taking off his helmet and his armour and leaving them in the charge of another.

It was somehow just what the young Saint Ignatius did and anyway it looked like him as I had known about him and so he too became actual not as actual as Saint Therese in the photographs but still actual and so the Four Saints got written.

All these things might have been a story but as a landscape they were just there and a play is just there. That is at least the way I feel about it.

Anyway I did write Four Saints an Opera to be Sung and I think it did almost what I wanted, it made a landscape and the movement in it was like a movement in and out with which anybody looking on can keep in time. I also wanted it to have the movement of nuns very busy and in continuous movement but placid as a landscape has to be because after all the life in a convent is the life of a landscape, it may look excited a landscape does sometimes look excited but its quality is that a landscape if it ever did go away would have to go away to stay.

Anyway the play as I see it is exciting and it moves but it also stays and that is as I said in the beginning might be what a play should do.

Six Months That Shook the World

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, 1916-1917. Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY

IN his first two volumes Mr. Lloyd George, as Cabinet Minister, covered two and a half years of the war. In his third volume, with his extended range of activities as Prime Minister, he gets over only six months, but they were momentous ones with unrestricted submarine warfare, the Russian Revolution, and American participation. First he had to form his Cabinet after Asquith's overthrow in December, 1916. No easy task, because the Liberals refused to serve. But he gives good reasons for the selections he made, and, with few exceptions, his choice was well justified by the increased tempo and efficiency which was infused into the conduct of the war. This was notably true of Sir Eric Geddes as First Lord of the Admiralty and Sir Joseph Maclay as Shipping Controller. With their aid Lloyd George put into successful operation the convoy system for protecting shipping against the peril of the German submarine, though the "palsied and muddle-headed Admiralty," misinterpreting statistics and pessimistically impervious to new suggestions by civilians, long held that convoys were impossible. What he says about the ossifying effect of military and naval training in making men unfitted to deal with totally new problems for which they had not been prepared by their technique is what one might expect from the dynamic Welshman who was as fertile in new resources as he was agile in shifting his opinions. It is also probably true, though Admiral Jellicoe is to have his innings in a forthcoming volume.

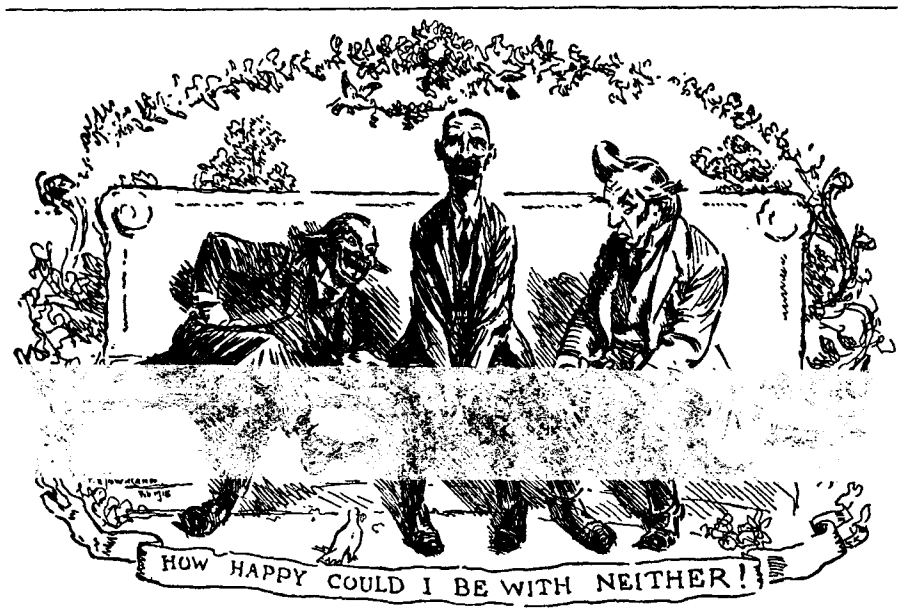
Next to Lloyd George's account of adoption of the convoy system and the arming of merchantmen, his most valuable chapters are those in which he describes how his government took over control of food supplies and introduced a system of national service—in spite of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's "self-confident obstinacy." The difficulty of securing fresh recruits for the Army and of maintaining the necessary workers at home accentuated labor unrest and contributed to the strike of the Welsh coal miners. Fortunately General Smuts succeeded in getting the miners back to work by adopting a hint that Lloyd George gave him. When Smuts went down to face the angry crowds of miners he relates how he "started by saying: 'I have heard that the Welsh are amongst the greatest singers of the world, and before I start, I want you first of all to sing me some of the songs of your people.' Like a flash, somebody in that huge mass struck up 'Land of My Fathers.' Every soul present sang in Welsh and with the deepest fervor. When they had finished, they just stood, and I could see that the thing was over." He had only to speak a few words, and the men went back to the mines.

Turning to high strategy, Lloyd George tells how at the Rome Conference early in 1917 he urged that England and France should aid Italy to make a decisive drive at the weak Austrian line. That, he insisted, would be a far more effective use of men and guns than a continuation of the frightfully bloody and futile hammering at the strong German line on the Western Front. But he was overruled by the military experts and the French politicians, and the result was the disastrous Nivelle offensive.

Besides the domestic and strategic problems which Lloyd George attacked with such self-confident energy, he had also, as he describes in the latter part of this volume, the task of coördinating the efforts of Russia and America in the supreme aim of crushing German militarism. [illegible] sent the Milner Mission to an Allied conference in Petrograd. But it was too late. Czarist Russia, worm-eaten by incredible corruption and incompetence, was seething with discontent which broke out into revolution a few days after Milner left the country. Moreover, the French delegates seemed more intent on nailing Russia down to a secret treaty, behind the backs of the English, promising France the Saar and the detachment from Germany of the whole left bank of the Rhine, than in supporting needed reforms in Russia and in supplying her with munitions. With America the tactful Balfour, Reading, and Northcliffe missions were far more successful. His accounts of their efforts are of dramatic interest and of historical value as giving the British side of the difficulties to be overcome.

Believing that the true historian must not hesitate to deal out praise and blame, Lloyd George is vigorous and voluble in bestowing both, including men who are no longer living to make reply. This may not be generous, but it gives added value to his volumes and makes his pages of absorbing interest.

Sidney B. Fay is professor of history at Harvard University. His "Origins of the World War" is the authoritative American work on the subject.



BONAR LAW, BETWEEN LLOYD GEORGE AND ASQUITH
A comic valentine from "Lloyd George by Mr. Punch" (Stokes).

THE HOUSE OF ADAM SMITH. By Eli Ginzberg. New York: Columbia University Press. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

IT seems almost incredible, and yet it is certainly true, that "The House of Adam Smith" is the work of a young man of twenty-three who, in addition to the vast labor and intense thought that went to the making of this book, has found time to carry out several other investigations in quite different fields. The freedom, decisiveness, assurance, with which Dr. Ginzberg sets forth his interpretations and conclusions are the product not only of a bold and brilliant mind but of such comprehensive reading of the enormous mass of books and pamphlets relating directly or indirectly to the "Wealth of Nations" as few persons—least of all the present writer—can pretend to have approached.

That a book at once so learned and so challenging is deserving of serious attention goes almost without saying. However much it may stand in need of criticism and correction, it cannot fail to bring out in strong relief some aspects of Adam Smith's work which have been either overlooked or insufficiently stressed by previous writers. What Dr. Ginzberg most particularly stresses is the aggressively reformist aspect of Adam Smith's great work. During the greater part of the eight score years that have passed since its appearance, the "Wealth of Nations" has been chiefly thought of as an epoch-making book that had stamped its impress on the general character of economic thought throughout the world. From that standpoint the specific abuses and injustices which had existed in the political and economic structure of British life in the middle decades of the eighteenth century were of very minor interest. But according to Dr. Ginzberg, it was the desire to abate those abuses and injustices that constituted not only the paramount, but almost the sole aim that actuated Adam Smith in writing the "Wealth of Nations." That this is an exaggerated estimate of the part played by this single motive in the creation of a work remarkable above all else for its compre-

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ADAM SMITH
From a contemporary drawing

hensive scope and its philosophic mellowness seems to me perfectly clear; but Dr. Ginzberg presents striking particulars both as to the evils themselves and as to Adam Smith's intense feeling in regard to them.

The book is divided into two parts, of about equal length. In the first part Dr. Ginzberg presents with remarkable compactness the chief contentions and doctrines of the "Wealth of Nations" and his own running commentary upon them. The intellectual energy which gives zest and point to the first part of the book is equally manifest in the second part. But here the self-confidence of a gifted youth has less justification. For in the second part, in a space of 120 pages, we are given Dr. Ginzberg's unhesitating judgment on nearly every cardinal aspect of post-Smithian economic and political thought. It is all good reading, and lively reading; nor is it in any ordinary sense superficial. But acute thinking and pungent expression are one thing, mature judgment quite another. One of the faults of this part of the book is the attribution to Adam Smith of a kind and extent of sacerdotal authority with which he has never—certainly not since the middle of the nineteenth century—been endowed in the minds either of economists or of public men.

A curious example of this error is the criticism of President Hoover, to which a very considerable amount of space is devoted. Mr. Hoover's attachment to the idea of "rugged individualism" may in some degree have been unconsciously derived from the "Wealth of Nations," but there is no reason to suppose that he gave the slightest weight to the teachings of Adam Smith as such. Upon the quite gratuitous assumption that he did so regard them, Dr. Ginzberg charges him with gross inconsistency in being a protectionist. But a man who was a life-long protectionist could not possibly ever have been a disciple of Adam Smith; and furthermore, whatever the merits or demerits of the policy of protection, it is in theory perfectly compatible with a thorough devotion to rugged individualism.

With one more comment this brief review of an unusually meaty and able book must be brought to a close. Dr. Ginzberg states, with characteristic brevity and force, the standard criticisms of the deductive, or Ricardian, economics. The criticisms are sound in themselves, and yet they are in a very essential respect misleading; for they lay such stress upon the faults of deductive economics that the ordinary reader will hardly realize that it has any merits. In point of fact, the faults are really not so much faults of deductive economics as of deductive economists; and during more than half a century all the best deductive economists have been free from these faults. But this is not all. For, in spite of the vast changes that have taken place, the deductive method still plays, and ought to play, a vital part in the discussion of the crucial problems of our time. The discredit into which it has undeservedly fallen is no small part of the reason why we have been floundering in the morass of irresponsible experiment.

Flying Fighters on the Western Front

WINGED VICTORY. By V. M. Yeates. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS book is a masterpiece, and the first in its field. It is the first complete translation into words of the day-by-day, month-by-month, life of the single-seater scout pilot on the Western Front during the great war. All previous attempts at translation of this life have been either fragmentary, based on insufficient experience, botched in the writing, or adulterated by fiction. Good things in the way of literature have come out of this life before—exciting short stories, factual combat reports, interesting diaries, letters, and honest personal reminiscences; but Mr. Yeates is the first man to do the whole job and to do it perfectly. If any historian, in any future generation, wishes to know what it meant to be a fighting pilot on active service with the Royal Flying Corps during 1918, he need only read "Winged Victory." Here is the whole story, set down minutely, faithfully, brilliantly, and movingly; set down exhaustively and exhaustingly—agony recollected in tranquillity, fear and heroism recalled in safety, along with all the mad humors and curiously responsible irresponsibility of the flying fighters' world.

"Winged Victory" is the chronicle of a Sopwith Camel squadron, operating along the Somme front during the German push of March, 1918, and, later, further north around the forest of Nieppe. It is, particularly, the story of Tom Cundall, who was out in France for seven months, on the trickiest bus that was ever built, and who survived one hundred and sixty-three jobs and two hundred and forty-eight hours of war flying. It assumes the air of fiction only because it is written in the third person, and because its characters bear fictitious names; essentially—in thought, action, and emotion—the author must have lived this tale himself. Only on the basis of an exceptionally full diary could it possibly have been composed.

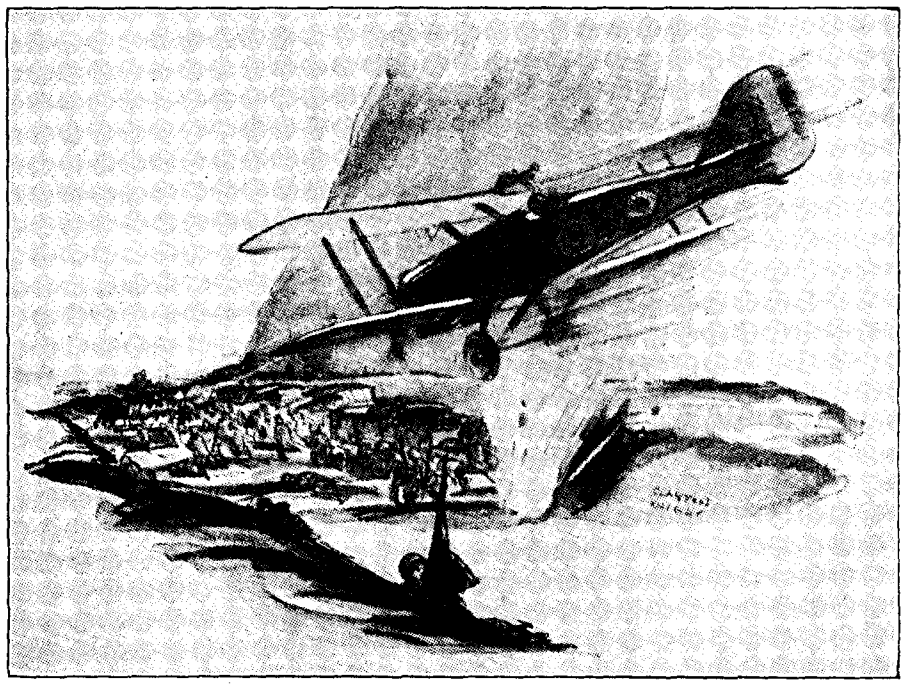
The events of the chronicle are seen through Cundall's eyes; the eyes of a vigorous, intelligent, and rather bookish young Englishman, who went to war with no great hatred against the Hun, and who became completely disillusioned regarding the forces that make and continue wars; the eyes of an efficient and workmanlike pilot, with no lust for danger, immoderate Hun-getting, or useless heroics, who was skilful and conscientious, and as cautious as it was possible to be without funking. Cundall was no Bishop or McCudden (his final score was about ten Huns, counting fractions), but he was a damned good pilot. A man had to be good to survive seven months of action on Camels. He was the kind of a chap whom a flight commander liked to have covering his tail, and who could be trusted to look after less experienced men when he was responsible for them. I have known his breed, and they were the salt and backbone of the Flying Corps.

The reader is made to live the life of Cundall and his fellows, job by job, and binge by binge. He acquires an intimacy with war flying that has never before been obtainable from the printed word; for Yeates writes of offensive patrols, reconnaissance, bombing, dog-fights, balloon-getting, and trench-strafing, with the same evocative precision that Hemingway brings to his descriptions of the matador's art. In imagination, the reader crosses the lines on show after show, following various leaders and bent on all kinds of work: he gets to know the look of the front, and the back areas of Hunland; he learns the tricks of the trade, the qualities of different types of enemy aircraft, and the best precautions for avoiding suicide. Gradually the blurred faces and names, met in the mess, take form and substance as personalities; the reader begins to know his way about the squadron. And, even as he does so, faces drop away and new faces appear. Day after day, month after month, there is this continual disappearance and replacement of human material.

The chronicle covers seven months, as I have said, of days that repeat themselves with only minor variations on increasingly familiar themes; and it runs to more than four hundred and fifty pages. I suspect that some readers, half-way through the book, will say to themselves: "This can't go on. It's unbearable!" But the point is that it did go on,—in reality; and, without this brutal, hammering repetition, his transcript of reality would be a fraud. Pilots like Tom Cundall saw the war stretching away endlessly in front of them, and, for the individual, it seemed that there could be only one end. Sooner or later, one must follow Allen and young Smith, Seddon and Beal, and Williamson, and all the rest. There couldn't be any other answer in the back of the book. And, meantime, fear rode crouched beside you in the cockpit; a companion who refused to be shaken off, whose fingers gripped you more cruelly with every passing hour. Thank God you could at least get drunk every night of your life!

It would be impossible for me to write more about "Winged Victory" without writing a great deal more. I would quote whole pages from it, many pages, if I could. For it is not a book whose qualities can be conveyed by brief extracts. I have said only a little of what I wished to say: nothing regarding the characters, aside from Cundall; nothing regarding the conversations held in mess and Nissen hut (rather more intelligent than the average run of such conversations, but none the less real for that); nothing regarding the magnificent and shifting skyscapes that the author paints; nothing regarding the extraordinary vocabulary on which the author draws. So let me simply repeat that "Winged Victory" is a masterpiece. It takes its place among the best of the war books, and in the literature of war flying it stands superb and alone.

Ben Ray Redman is the author of "Down in Flames," and served as a single-seater scout pilot with 79 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps, on the Ypres front.



A CLAYTON KNIGHT DRAWING OF A PLANE IN BATTLE
From "War Birds, the Diary of an Unknown Aviator" (Doubleday, Doran).

Oriental Questions

STORM CLOUDS OVER ASIA. By Robert S. Pickens. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

ROBERT S. PICKENS, a newspaper man, went to China for the *Chicago Tribune* and now he has written a book about China, Japan, and the Philippines which packs a lot of very sound impressions and judgments into small space. With these impressions and judgments I have no quarrel; in fact, I agree with nearly all his conclusions.

And yet I believe that the average American reader with no Far Eastern experience will not, after reading this book, see eye-to-eye with either Mr. Pickens or myself. For he employs the staccato style, nowadays so characteristic of Associated Press reports, since that service has been humanized. This style makes for swift reading, but it also makes for exaggeration. It carries the reader along from headline to headline until dizzily he forgets the story itself. It ends in exaggeration.

For instance, the statement: "Japan today rules China from Shanghai northward." Now that on September 21, 1934, when this book was published, was not true. Japan does not rule the Nanking Government; it has an influence in Peiping but it does not rule there.

Again:

> **There is talk of war and preparation for war. Japan is preparing, China is preparing, Russia is preparing and the United States is preparing. Great Britain is preparing to prepare. The dogs of war are straining at their leashes. The blood scent is in the Oriental air.**

Beautiful composition, but untrue! Not wholly untrue; yet so exaggerated as to leave the reader with a false impression. For the truth in this autumn of 1934 is that all these countries are laboring for a diplomatic and peaceful solution of all Far Eastern questions. In fact, Russia is finally selling the Chinese Eastern Railway to Japan.

Probably the fault is not really Mr. Pickens's, for he seems to have a good newspaperman's scent for the facts. I am overcome by the feeling that Mr. Pickens wrote this book in 1933; that the publication was delayed; that the manuscript was not revised to bring it up to the moment. I deduce that, for instance, from the emphasis on General Araki who has been out of the picture in Japan for a year; also from the treatment of the Philippine problem which is dated during the Hoover Administration. Although Mr. Pickens's ire at the shabby treatment of the Philippines by the United States at the instigation of the oleomargarine and sugar lobbies in Washington is thoroughly justified, he nevertheless writes as though Congress had not finally passed the independence bill, as though Mr. Roosevelt had not signed it, as though the Filipino had not accepted it, as though a Constitutional Convention were not at this moment meeting in Manila to draw up a basic law for the islands and not being able to agree on anything.

I must, too, protest against what I think is an injustice on Mr. Pickens's part. At one point he devotes himself to his colleagues of the press, to scholars, historians, and journalists. He apparently does not like most of them. He thumps hardest at the scholars: "This section of the world has been searched and researched," he says with apparent sarcasm. Now, the fact remains that his book, like my book and everybody else's book in recent years, has definitely been influenced by these researches. In particular, the Institute of Pacific Relations, through research staffs in New York, Honolulu, Tokyo, Nanking, and London, has provided all students of Far Eastern questions with the type of basic data that Census Offices elsewhere usually provide, but in the Far East do not. This work is not to be laughed at.

The reader who is too tired to go through a heavy book on the Far East will find this volume useful. It reads quickly and easily and, in spite of the above reservations, it is on the whole a very sound doctrine.

George Sokolsky is the author of "The Tinder Box of Asia."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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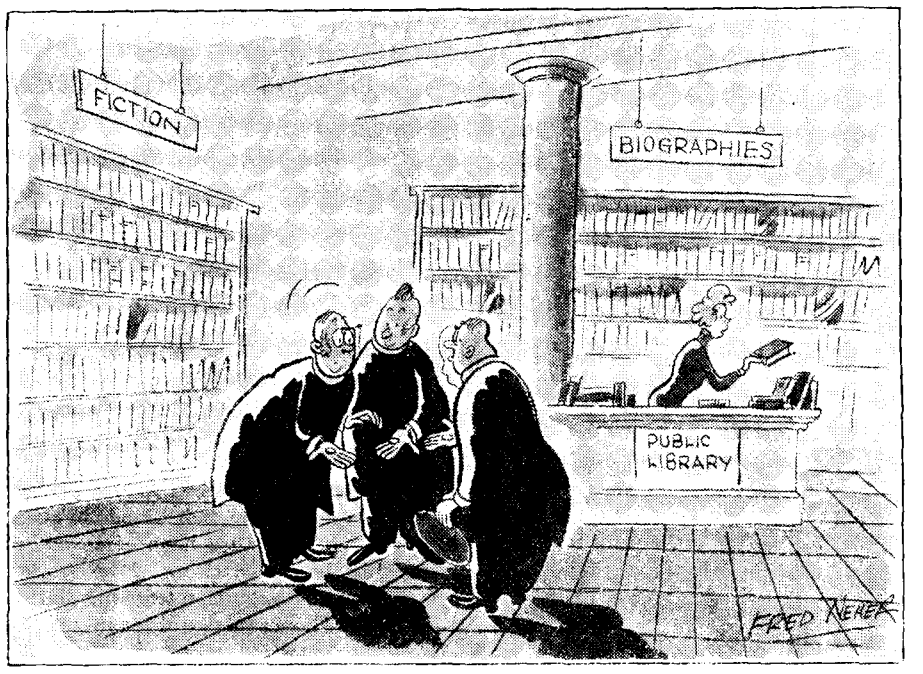
The Bookless Mind

A study of the literature of the last decade and a half will demonstrate to any thoughtful reader that the sensitive machine of the American imagination has recorded the loss of some of the values, material and social, we once possessed. Intelligence has increased in activity, experience of a highly stimulating kind is more accessible to the masses of the community, provincialism has been broken down, routine varied, new and exciting values in living are being precariously set up; yet in the opinion, expressed or unexpressed, of the men and women who write about America, the net result is so far a deficit, by comparison either with the home and family culture of the nineteenth century in the settlements, or the adventurous individualism of the frontier.

This is a statement of fact, if the records of literature can be called fact, and if they cannot what is history to depend upon? There is no room in this column for an inquiry into causes, or a discussion of the future. Rather than speculate, we prefer, therefore, to stress one idea only. In spite of the very considerable literature which shows how deeply the imagination of the American writer has been touched by the failure of Babbitt—and how many not Babbitts!—to choose the kind of life which his judgment approved, in spite of ten thousand sermons thundered at our spiritual aimlessness, the American public seems curiously unaware that a criticism of its sense of value exists. The depression that shattered the dream of richer and richer and more and more luxuries, has left regret behind it more often than understanding. The spectacle of the psychological ruin that has filled the courts and doctors' offices and mortuaries with the wrecks of families broken by too unchartered a freedom in spending, has not yet had its Balzac, and if there had been a Balzac it is clear that he would not have been intelligently read except by his fellow mourners over values gone awry.

Therefore, in order to put a simple question in a problem full of complexities, we ask whether the reading habits of the American public are not partly responsible for their insensitiveness to what has been happening to their mode of life. It is a newspaper and magazine reading public, the greatest consumer in the world of these commodities—and against the good newspaper and the good magazine we have no complaint to make. They are indispensables in a literate democracy. But our public is not a book-reading public; indeed, in proportion to the amount of reading done and the size of the population, it has become alarmingly less and less of a book-reading public. Yet it is in books—not in newspapers, not typically in magazines—that the values of an era are best expressed, most often crystallized, and most emphatically propagated. The job of the newspaper is news and interesting information, the job of the magazine is miscellaneous entertainment and comment. Values as a subject have their place in a magazine, but as an item only, caught on its way to be part of a book. There is no escaping the conclusion that if the books of a literate nation are read by only a tiny proportion, even of the well-educated minority, something is being lost to culture, because the opportunity to get, undiluted and undistracted, the comment of the unhurried imagination upon values is definitely passed by. And this holds good whether the book be a poem, a critical survey, or fiction written primarily to entertain. Even the cartoonists in the comics begin to show Mr. and Mrs., but particularly Mr., handling a newspaper like a habit-forming drug but puzzled and embarrassed when someone incredibly asks them to read a book. The mind grows by what it feeds upon, and toward a realistic apprehension of how living differs from existing, these bookless minds have emphatically not grown.

A new Liberal-Nationalist quarterly, the *Celtic Forum*, will make its début under the auspices of the Celtic Historical Society, Toronto, whose learned lectures and popular addresses since 1929 it will publish. Its editor is W. J. Edmondstone Scott, president of the Celtic Historical Society, and a noted Oriental scholar.



"ODD MAN ASKS HER IF 'THE ROAD TO RUIN' IS IN YET."

Letters to the Editor: *Four Correspondents on "The Literature of Horror"*

From a Psychoanalyst

SIR:—Certain types of phantasy occurring in reverie, in passion, and in dreams, are known by psychoanalysts to coincide so frequently with wishes and fears of which the patient is unconscious, that the presence of certain trends may be guessed from the superficial data with a strong probability of correctness—as physicians recognize an injury to a valve without direct observation of the heart. The application of such a method to the somewhat alien material of a work of art is not easy. But Dr. Kubie has accomplished his task by limiting his premises to what is clinically well established, and the result will strike conviction in the minds of those who are already familiar with the clinical data of psychoanalysis. The impulsion and adroitness of his literary style makes the essay an esthetic as well as an intellectual achievement.

Of course, literature, or any art, as I see it, does not exist essentially because of what truths it proves or what causes it promotes. It exists because of the pleasure it gives. The phantasies which Dr. Kubie's analysis discloses are not of a type peculiar to "horror literature." Rather it is the way in which they are presented—their stark, primitive wickedness, which is characteristic. Art—the esthetic—to me is essentially a technique by which certain emotional currents are set at work, without either artist or the reader fully realizing just how it is achieved, or just what the primitive sources of these phantasies are. In other words art is a technique of disguise; it enables us to enjoy what, if fully apprehended, would give us a bad conscience, or disgust, or some form of self-condemnation.

The crucial point then, in the literary criticism of "horror literature" is not what the phantasies are; it is whether their presentation is artistic, whether it enables the refined reader to respond to them with an experience of the "this is beautiful" type. The creative artist is in no way different from his fellows in what he phantasies, only in his capacity to make this a source of pleasure even to others who know him not.

The essence of art—how it is different rather than how it is like other mental activities—has not, in my opinion, been disclosed yet by analysis or any other psychology, and least of all by those who confuse conscious knowledge of human motive with esthetic creation.

IVES HENDRICK.

Boston, Mass.

From a Critic and Biographer

SIR:—I am surprised by Dr. Kubie's statement: "Because it ['Sanctuary'] attempts to portray that which is neurotic and defeated in human nature, it is closer to truth than the old romantic tradition which was content to picture only the aspirations of men." Is not that a beautiful assumption? But how many readers, I wonder, will question the validity of this "because"?

Defeat is "closer to truth" than victory. The neurotic is "closer to truth" than the normal. I can understand the savage disappointment that causes emotional men to feel this way. But what shall one say of a science that takes this as a premise?

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

Westport, Conn.

From a Doctor and Novelist

SIR:—I have been greatly interested in the issue of *The Saturday Review* for October 20th. The idea of making a psychoanalysis of several important novels is not a new one. Many Freudians and many followers of Jung have played at the same literary game. So far as I know, however, it has never been played with American books. The introductory essay by Mr. Canby is a very able piece of writing.

Dr. Kubie's analysis of Faulkner's book stimulated my imagination a good deal, because I remember "Sanctuary" so well. I read very few modern novels, but it so happened that by chance I had read "Sanctuary" some time ago. It terrified me and it disgusted me, but apparently I have not been able to forget it. To explain it all by a fear of castration does not satisfy me completely. Behind this fear, which does, of course, exist subconsciously, there seems to lie a broader and a deeper anxiety, namely the mental habit that we have come to call a sense of inferiority and of fated failure. Of all poisonous mental habits, this is undoubtedly the most poisonous of all. Some people merely accept it and use it as an excuse for recurrent failure. Others fight against it and over-compensate for it. Along these lines of over-compensation, lie all the attempted rapes, all the cruelty and bullying that are so vividly described in Mr. Faulkner's book. Life has become too complicated, too noisy, too competitive for the average ordinary man and woman. They are no longer able to stand up to it, to accept it and perhaps to dominate it. They are pursued by a constant sense of impending defeat. They fight against possible frustration and their minds become so concentrated upon themselves that they can see and think of nothing else. In the old days, people found some way of escape through their religion. This way is closed to the great majority of modern people. There is another way of escape through the service of others and the interest either in some congenial work or through the love of some one especial human being.

I am looking forward with the greatest interest to the next literary psychoanalysis.

JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER.

Baltimore, Md.

From a Novelist

SIR:—Those like myself who regard art as having a functional basis in human nature must, I should think, share this urge to offer respectful congratulations to your paper on the inclusion in its columns of Dr. Kubie's lucidly written article on "Sanctuary." One may even deprecate the oversimplifications of Freudian theory, which reduce all analysis of conduct to its exemplification in a single aspect of behavior, and still be grateful for the gesture which admits a possible association of art criticism with science. In this age in which the scientist is so much the popular hero that falsified renditions of his pronouncements creep into the text of nearly all discussions, and critics are either peculiarly unaffected by this trend of the times, or adopt the slogans of "schools" and use them with less than pseudo-scientific caution, it seems to me a fine thing to give space, in a literary paper, to art analysis by a bona fide scientist.

But if psychoanalysis, Freudian or other, is conceded validity as, possibly, contributing to the understanding of works here described as "neurotic," surely the same analysis could be applied with equal profit to every instance of creative expression. In science, all theorists are presumed to have established principles appropriate to considerations of the general. Dr. Kubie points out that studies of abnormal types assist the illumination of problems of normal living. I think he has failed to mention that the ability to diagnose abnormality rests on a presumed grasp of principles of behavior which must, of necessity, apply in all quarters. Because psychoanalysis is commonly resorted to as a therapeutic measure, socially, there is implied by Dr. Kubie's article, and the manner of its presentation, what I feel to be a too directly therapeutic intention. The whole conception of a norm is concerned, is it not, with functional adaptation to a specific environment? But, at least as I see it, art exists, and has always existed, to effect an ordered release of emotions and reflections balked of expression in the literal surrounding. In this connection, not only the writing considered, but all writing, with other art, represents maladjustments for which psychoanalysis might logically be the corrective. The understanding, I should think, ought to come before the therapy, so it would have been better if Dr. Kubie had commenced with an explanation of the processes of long-accepted literary works and proceeded from them to those here presumed to diverge from a standard insufficiently defined. We aren't ready for psychoanalysis implied to be a therapy of criticism, and, while we are still scrutinizing the method philosophically, we ought to reject the contradiction in accepting the findings of an analyst as these relate to the works of Faulkner, Caldwell, and Hemingway but

(*Continued on page 280*)

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE SENTIMENTAL YEARS. By E. DOUGLAS BRANCH. *Appleton-Century.* A survey of middle-class American life from 1836-1860.

THE HOUSE OF ADAM SMITH. By ELI GINZBERG. *Columbia University Press.* A study of the progeny of "The Wealth of Nations."

CAPTAIN CAUTION. By KENNETH ROBERTS. *Doubleday, Doran.* A sea story set during the War of 1812.

This Less Recent Book:

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA. By ALICE TISDALE HOBART. *Bobbs-Merrill.* A tale of foreign business men in China.

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In the War of 1812

CAPTAIN CAUTION. A Chronicle of Arundel. By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HERE is a good historical novel for your money. Kenneth Roberts has now written the fourth of the Chronicles of Arundel, a town in the province of Maine that he first described in the novel "Arundel," which told of a secret expedition during Revolutionary days, led by Colonel Benedict Arnold against Quebec. Then, in "The Lively Lady," he gave us a yarn of the War of 1812, and followed it with "Rabble in Arms," his best to date, again a story with the background of the War for American Independence and the figure of Benedict Arnold looming large in it. Now again, in "Captain Caution," we are on the high seas during the War of 1812, and visit, incidentally, both France and England.

This is fine, full-blooded stuff, this book, even though there is no character in it quite as good as Cap Huff in former pages. But there is the most individual Lucien Argandeau, the French privateer captain, with his boasting both about seamanship and about women, the gorilla-looking man who is yet intensely engaging. A mariner from Arundel, one Daniel Marvin, is "Captain Caution," the hero of the story. He has the Yankee trait of caution which proves to be anything but incompatible with daring and successful fighting. At the book's beginning we are in an abortive sea-fight in which Captain Dorman of the American merchant barque, *Olive Branch*, is killed. Marvin surrenders the craft to the British, and thereby incurs the scorn and rage of the captain's seafaring daughter, Corunna—a hostile attitude on her part which properly lasts through the book to furnish conflict in the soul of Daniel who really loves her. After capture by the British, Marvin meets Argandeau the Frenchman, in the filthy hold of the British gun brig, and also Lurman Slade, captain of an American slave-brig, both captives, the latter becoming soon the real villain of the story. Then comes the battle to retake the British brig, during an attack by a schooner flying the American ensign; and after that the action of the story moves rapidly on with a wealth of incident.

It would be a disservice to probable readers, of whom I sincerely hope for their own sakes there will be a great many, to recount more of the plot of this novel, save to say that in my opinion the description of the British hulks, the prison-ships, in the Medway, of the hero's pugilistic encounter aboard one, and of the escape over mud-banks by several of the prisoners, is as good writing in the field of the romantic historical novel as Mr. Roberts has led us to expect from him, and that is saying a great deal. There is plenty of ingenious episode thereafter; and the book has a hero, a heroine, a plausible villain, and several characters furnishing excellent comic relief. Then too, there is the prime invention of the Gangway Pendulum, together with that of a pretty good system for gambling at roulette; there is the appearance of no less a figure than Talleyrand himself; and there is always that combination of graphic narration with historical accuracy for which Mr. Roberts has by now become so well known.

If one compares "Captain Caution" with "Rabble in Arms" it is, frankly, far less important; though it does present to us aspects of the strife of nations in the early nineteenth century which are less-well-known and show the age very much as it actually must have been with a good deal of the gilt off the gingerbread. But there is small reason for setting it above a really good Sabatini, of which there are quite a number, taking into consideration the handling of different periods and backgrounds. As usual the critics have gone off the deep end about Mr. Roberts's work, and my own enthusiasm for "Rabble in Arms" was genuine, but in "Captain Caution" he has written a new novel neither of the scope of the former extremely powerful book nor of its depth and richness. Still I think the description of the British hulks and the prisoners and their escape will stand up with some of the best passages in historical fiction. One is inclined to compare it with certain of Dickens's best descriptions also, for its human qualities. That is a good deal to say, I know; but it is such powerful writing that sets Mr. Roberts's work apart from that of most historical novelists of our time.

THE IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN IN THE WAR OF 1812

*From the painting by Stanley M. Arthurs**

* Reproduced from James Truslow Adams's "History of the United States" (Scribners).

The Earlier Work of D. H. Lawrence

A MODERN LOVER. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

THE stories in this volume are gleanings swept up after the main harvest of Lawrence's work, but what a marvellous yield they make, what a store of vitality lies between the covers of this book. It would be interesting to know at just what date each one was written. Very early, one would judge most of them to be, for they have the loose, rich texture of the first novels. Certainly "The Witch à la Mode" must antedate "The Trespasser," Lawrence's second novel, it must, indeed, *be* "The Trespasser" in its first, rudimentary form, for its characters and its situation are, more briefly and simply, those of the novel and it has something of the book's heavily electric atmosphere, which Lawrence himself pronounced too "*chargé*." Again, in these stories one finds the early Lawrence still faintly showing traces of his reading, of Hardy, for instance, of Lawrence preoccupied with "culture," and with people who care for music and poetry and art. His characters move in the atmosphere peculiar to his early work, an atmosphere heavy with beauty, where all movement is slowed and charged with meaning, all talk fraught with symbolism.

They are stories that are in the line of Lawrence's development, they point the way to his explorations of deep, unconscious motives. But "Mr. Noon," the first book of an unfinished novel, reveals a Lawrence who might have been, if he had so chosen, a dryly humorous, inimitable observer of surfaces of those flaws and trivialities of human nature which are the stuff of which "characters" are composed.

For all its deft satire, it is easy to see why Lawrence abandoned it and its vein. The fascination of the other way of writing must have been too profound.

There is no story in this collection that touches Lawrence at his absolute best, but all of them reveal rare possibilities of power. Most particularly memorable is the title story, "A Modern Lover," from which a sensitive reader might have foreshadowed much of Lawrence's greatness. Here is reality caught in its moments of poetic tension. Sometimes Lawrence's prose is as powerful as music.

A Historical Novel of Modern America

THE EXECUTIONER WAITS. By Josephine Herbst. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

THIS story runs rapidly, powerfully, and faithfully through the wartime and postwar lives of several interrelated Middle Western families. The older generation are a group of American Forsytes, cruder, not so well-established, with a less dignified tradition to fall back on in times of stress. Aaron Trexler, of pioneer stock, is the classic Babbitt—a driving, self-made man, stingy to his poorer relatives, bullying the lives of his children into nothingness. His only romance is a never

JOSEPHINE HERBST

Photo by Manuel Alvarez Bravo

fulfilled love for his wife's younger sister. He supports her for years only to have her elope with a harmless little clerk. As the book draws to an end, Aaron is becoming nostalgic, confused, sentimental about the past. He is last seen standing in a cemetery, very angry at the speaker at a striker's funeral who is saying, "Don't mourn, organize."

Aaron's sister, Anne Wendel, is more gently drawn. Her husband, Amos, has lost his independent business and works for wages. Anne spends her life trying to pay for their house, making pretty things for her four daughters, daydreaming about what she could do for them all with a little money. Two of the four Wendel daughters emerge from their harassed childhood with vision and independence of spirit. The central story of "The Executioner Waits" concerns the struggle of these girls to get out from under the weight of their background, find good work to do in the world, "meet interesting people," and give their lives significance. At the end, they renounce the precious literary life and find the way out by helping the farmers round about to organize and resist evictions.

The stories of these people are shot through with exciting flashes of external events, an I. W. W. convention, the draft, Liberty Bond parties, farm strikes in Iowa, industrial strikes in Pennsylvania, Seattle, and Oxtail, Iowa, literary causeries in New York and Detroit. The people in the book talk over the events of the day, each through his own interests. They read newspapers and books. They are not moving in a void but through a desperate meaningful society. "The Executioner Waits" is a historic document of great value; what men and women from every walk of life said and thought between 1918 and 1929 is accurately recorded. It is also a sociological document. The author reveals middle class family life as a sordid, possessive business. Here and there it is redeemed by love and sacrifice. For the most part, as the families gain wealth, their human relations are distorted by the will to power and property.

Miss Herbst's style is refreshingly unliterary; one can forget all about it in the sweep of her story-telling, but the novel as a whole suffers from lack of any structure. The separate scenes are told as a good story-teller would tell them but not as an artist anxious to reproduce shades of color and undertones of feeling. Miss Herbst has an exceptionally vivid memory and an exceptional skill for narration, but she does not create character. She records what she has known. For this reason, the older people seem always to be seen from outside, by someone younger, whereas the young people are seen as friends.

The flaws, however, are second thoughts; first one is gripped by a marvellously well-told tale, integrated not by detailed craftsmanship but by the social vision which the author shares with her young friends.

The New Realism

FEBRUARY HILL. By Victoria Lincoln. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

HERE is a tale of a new or an unsung New England. The setting, to be sure, lies in a sort of borderland, at the very point where grim Massachusetts eases off into happy-go-lucky Rhode Island. February Hill stands on the outskirts of unromantic Fall River; but a few miles to westward is the playground of Providence where Ma (Minna) Harris finds joy and profit, and a little to the southwest range the islands of the great Bay where young Jenny is drawn to her adventure. The Harrises are shanty people, disreputable and complacent. Their place and their life content them well enough. They have their pride and their code, and ask nothing of anybody. What they need they take, and they have the habit of getting away with things in more senses than one. It isn't the law they fear, but respectability and its fruits.

Respectability bred the father of the flock, the drunken weakling who lives as an alien among these people, stunted offspring of puritan hypocrisy. One of his daughters inherits the vices of puritanism and exiles herself among the respectable and damned. His son falls a hapless victim of tangled heredity. But his wife Minna, her mother, and the two younger daughters are birds of a feather. Minna is of the profession from which Grandma has been retired by age. Amy, the baby of the family, is predestined to carry on the line. And Jenny, though she has a responsiveness to beauty and a yearning for happiness beyond the apprehension of the others, belongs to them and knows it. With them she resents any encroachment by the forces of respectability and codified morality. They must be left alone to be merry and loving in their own fashion: that is all the Harrises ask of society.

It is Jenny's book, for Minna is a known quantity from the beginning while to Jenny, at seventeen, life offers an uncertain adventure we are to share. Setting off with her at dawn on that winter ramble toward the river, toward Swansea and fate, we partake of her simplicity, her ardor, her essential innocence. We are relieved when she is set free by the hard-eyed gypsy man who might so easily have tarnished her youth, and we hope the best from her swift rapprochement with the young Islander Berkley Howard. A native of the best Island stock, named for the great Bishop of long ago; rum runner and puritan, destined for early death. Jenny's brief months of marriage pass like a dream. The blow falls and proves to be, after all, not fatal. Berkley was not Jenny's kind, his was not the code of February Hill. To Grandma, to Minna, to Amy, all so much of a piece, so wanton, so friendly, so free, she returns with resignation and something like relief. Still there are the hill, the shanty, and these three: and, somewhere not far beyond, the dim figure of that gypsy man, her natural mate perhaps, who, parting casually that day, had bidden her ask for him, Lee, "when she came back."

It is a book of the new realism, not "grim" like the realism of yesterday, but cordially and even blithely acceptant of life in any of its vital manifestations. And it is also a book of extraordinary fidelity to the chosen scene, conveying for a dweller in the neighborhood like the present reviewer, that almost intolerably poignant sense of reality with which the creative hand is wont to endow whatever is most instant and familiar.

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Epitome of an Era

DIAMOND JIM. By Parker Morell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by RUSSEL CROUSE

RARELY may it be said of any individual that his life reflects his times. "Diamond Jim" Brady is the personification of the era in which he lived—a character whom any playwright, writing in allegory the fantastic story of an amazing phase of American history, might lift from life without changing so much as a comma or a shirt stud.

Thus Parker Morell's study of the man becomes at once a document. As such it is not only valuable but interesting. Its effectiveness is dimmed only occasionally when Mr. Morell attempts to give it drama. Drama was not of "Diamond Jim's" time. His immediate predecessor, "Jubilee Jim" Fisk, played his brief scene in an age of dramaturgy. His immediate successors, the bootleg barons, found the audience ready for a revival of blood-and-thunder histrionics. But the era that "Diamond Jim" spanned with a fantastic life was nothing more than a gaudy charade.

Both James Buchanan Brady and his era had humble beginnings. America itself was almost as drab as the little room over Dan Brady's saloon in New York's lowest west side where he was born in 1856. By the time one had reached manhood so had the other. America was rubbing its eyes with bewilderment at the great economic structure just beginning to take form in a new industrial world when young Jim Brady was gazing in awe at the superficial splendor of the hotel in which he found his first employment as a bellboy.

Once its eyes were opened America plunged into the mad rush for money and emerged a power. So did Jim Brady. A kindly fate and an influential benefactor gave him his opportunity in the railroad business shortly after the Iron Horse had won its first race. He was a growing young man. America was a growing young country. They grew together. They became rich together. And each reached the goal a little plump about the midriff.

JAMES BUCHANAN BRADY

Jim Brady had no more idea of what to do with his wealth than had America. So together they enacted a grotesque fairy tale. Jim Brady kept pace with his age. He bedecked himself with diamonds from his teeth to his garters. He ate his beefsteaks three at a time. When he served wine ships could have floated in it. When he talked money nothing less than a million dollars deserved more than a whisper.

And when Jim Brady died his era died with him. There was never to be another "Diamond Jim" Brady after 1917. There was to be a new America, of course, but in the age that followed he would have had no place. And that was that. A vulgar, tawdry, blatant, pretentious world had come to an end along with a man whose life best portrayed it.

Jim Brady and his times are so much a part of each other that it is difficult to estimate the man. Perhaps the simplest procedure would be to enumerate a few of his endowments and accomplishments: he was the first super-salesman; his stomach was six times normal size; his breakfast consisted of beefsteak, chops, eggs, pancakes, fried potatoes, hominy, corn bread; his luncheon of oysters, lobster, roast beef, salad, and pie; his dinner, of more oysters, more lobsters, more steaks smothered in chops, five or six vegetables, more salad and dessert; his midnight snack of two or three warm birds; he never drank intoxicating liquors, substituting instead orange juice which he consumed by the quart; he drove the first "horseless carriage" seen in New York and stopped traffic for two hours; he loved Lillian Russell but didn't dare let himself realize it; he knew everybody that was worth knowing.

Of the diamonds from which he took his name Mr. Morell writes in detail, for he springs from a family of jewelers and was first attracted to his subject by the glow of a shirt-front. He had them, there is no doubt of that. He bought his first diamond ring for $90 when he started out as a salesman and found that it dazzled hotel clerks into deference. When he died he had $2,000,000 worth—a set for every day of the month—and had dazzled a whole nation.

Of course, he couldn't take them with him when he died. Not that he didn't try, however. He took his best set into his coffin with him. But what was more important he took the era that spawned him into the same coffin.

Cromwell the Opportunist

(*Continued from first page*)

ferent case. In these months, passionately desirous of peace, he tried tool after tool, all of which broke in his hands. His sluggish, conservative mind was forced by the unfamiliar tortures of thought, and slowly, by a process of trial and error, he was driven to conclusions against which all his instincts revolted, but which were hammered into his soul by the inexorable pressure of facts.

Oliver met the King at Caversham and was touched by the sad graciousness of the man. The Heads of the Proposals, in the main Ireton's work, were presented to the King at the end of July 1647, and that document in Buchan's opinion was the Revolution settlement on broader and wiser lines. Not so Belloc, who in his emphatic way says it was all "moonshine because it was a paper fabric." But Buchan believes that it anticipated the Toleration Act of 1689, cabinet responsibility, and the whole future constitutional monarchy, and that it would have secured the good will of the mass of English. It must not be forgotten that Charles under its terms could have had the episcopacy, had he only consented to complete toleration. He was trying to keep the various parties at sixes and sevens. "If your Majesty has a game to play," remarked Ireton, "you must also give us leave to play ours." Cromwell continued to strive for an arrangement with the King. "In the government of nations that which is to be looked after is the affections of the people, and that I find which satisfies my science in the present thing," he said, and he meant, in monarchy. But when a new war broke out and when he became at long length convinced that Charles meant to keep no promises, he decided only a few weeks before the fatal 30th of January 1649 that Charles must die, that while he lived there would be no peace in England. "Like all Oliver's changes," says Buchan, "it was slow in coming, but was decisive when it came."

> For the past year he had steered a difficult course, which to most men seemed a miracle of inconstancy. He had been first for parliament against the army, and then for the army against parliament. He had gone to the utmost lengths to obtain an agreement with Charles. . . He had won for himself the unhesitating distrust of royalists, Presbyterians, and republicans. . . His trouble was that he no longer had a fixed purpose. All the marks by which he had steered had been destroyed. He certainly had not the pole-star of personal ambition.

The King could never understand that Cromwell wanted nothing for himself.

Buchan's account of the campaign that led up to Worcester, his story of the battle of Dunbar, are the work of one whose hobby is military campaigns and who has a gift of making them clear. When Cromwell is finished with battles Buchan becomes a shade less interesting. His account of the Protectorate and of Cromwell's policies is considered and sometimes thoughtful, but seems to lack the spirit of the earlier pages and has less of that interpretation that comes from being at home in a period. Few people are ever at home in that homeless time, that strange interlude of new men, experiments, and a government of force. Yet it is to be said for Buchan in these last chapters that he has been able to give us a picture of the living and moving Cromwell, of those about him, his friends and kin, a picture that we would not miss.

OLIVER CROMWELL

Buchan does not emphasize, probably because it has been done before, the fact that Cromwell's career is an exception among careers of men of the first rank. At the age of forty-one he was an obscure county squire, at fifty-eight he was an outstanding figure of his century in Britain and one of the great of Europe. Buchan would explain that, I think, by Cromwell's military genius and by his real skill in affairs of state. Yet Belloc is right when he says that Cromwell did not "inform" the state, "still less mould it as he had so magnificently informed and moulded his troop, his regiment, his cavalry, and at last his whole army." His Government in some way, however, gained for England a position that had not been hers since the time of Elizabeth, if then. Cromwell was well served by men such as Ireton and Thurloe and many others. There was power and some efficiency in Whitehall. Once the Essexes and Manchesters, the somewhat futile nobles, were out of the way as leaders, once time had allowed the natural leaders of a revolutionary movement to emerge, not only was war conducted with a new efficiency but affairs of state were managed with an honesty and a practical skill that had rarely been equalled before. The Court must have been a powerful handicap to good government. There was still intrigue of course, but the old crowd of courtiers, who hoped by catching the fancy of the sovereign to win position and wealth, and often succeeded, was gone, and their absence must have given new vigor to government. This idea will be disputed at once by many in our day who have come to long for monarchy, but they are generally not too familiar with the actual workings of public life under the old Court and Courtier system.

Buchan has a good deal to say about characters other than Cromwell. Pym was the true pilot of the storm, who must rank as one of the foremost of all parliamentarians because he not only saved the liberties of parliament but gave it sovereignty. Ireton would have been a great man in history had he not been lieutenant to a greater. He had a quick, logical mind and could move among those constitutional tangles which to Oliver were puzzling and repellent. He was supremely explicit, he had a reason for everything he did, and he had the pen of a ready writer. Laud was an able and honest man set in a place where his ability and honesty were the undoing of himself and his master. "He applied the brains of a college pedant to the spacious life of England."

Belloc's book needs little comment. He is writing, he tells us, not a biography but a character sketch. There are dozens too many lives already, "the earlier batch a mass of slander, the later a mass of panegyric—all of them myth." This is a promising start. We are on our way for the first time to find out about the real Cromwell. It is moral judgments with which Belloc seems concerned, and judgments based to some degree not upon the codes of our time or of Cromwell's, but upon Belloc's own codes. He says, however, many true things about Cromwell and many Bellocian things. All the old emotions and notions are here. Belloc hates Elizabeth, he hates the land-owning class that sprang from the spoiling of the monks. We learn once more how the monarchy was standing for the people against a rapacious lot of country gentlemen. Belloc has a way of hitting upon theories already not unknown and of pushing them far. He is not given to overcareful statement. That wonderful knack of exposition that has been his is still evident, but for some time now he has been taking little pains with his writing. The book will be interesting to those concerned with the history of Mr. Belloc, an interesting man.

Poetry of Power

POEMS. By Stephen Spender. New York: Random House. 1934. $1.50.

POEMS. By W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

OF the younger English poets—a more or less affiliated group which includes Cecil Day Lewis, John Lehmann, A. J. Tessimond, William Plomer, and a half-dozen others—by far the most distinctive are W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender. Spender is twenty-five; Auden is somewhat older. Both attended Oxford together, both loomed on the literary horizon in England at about the same time, winning the acclaim of critics as different in their esthetic and philosophic outlook as T. S. Eliot and Hugh Walpole. Of the two, Spender's rise was the more spectacular, and the appraisers hailed his "Poems," published in England a year ago when Spender was scarcely twenty-four, as the most significant "first book" of the generation.

As a matter of fact, it was not Spender's first book; it was his third. I doubt if his first book is procurable. That little green paper pamphlet, entitled "Nine Experiments," was set up by Spender and printed on a little hand-press in a suburb of London early in 1928. While the belated Georgians were still invoking literary laverocks, lonely lambs, and traditionally deathless nightingales, Spender was hailing the advent of another order and writing such poems as "Come, let us praise the Gasworks."

The note was intensified in "Twenty Poems," published two years later, while Spender was at Oxford. There is a not unnatural uncertainty here, a turning-in upon himself with alternating doubt and defiance; but the "Marston" verses sound a depth untouched by any of the younger Englishmen, and grimness is given a new dignity in the lines written along the Rhine beginning, "A whim of time, the general arbiter."

There is nothing hesitant or tentative in the more recent "Poems"; the fusion is complete, the maturity manifest in every verse. The American edition is not only a handsomer volume than the English book, but more inclusive since it contains nine new poems, one of which is the moving "Van der Lubbe," written shortly after the Reichstag fire. Spender's subject matter is arresting—unfortunately, I think—for it directs too much attention on externals and leads to controversy about that which matters least in poetry. Spender himself is a little too conscious, even too belligerent, about his properties. Riding in a train, watching the world hasten away "like the quick pool of a film," he sees the

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STEPHEN SPENDER

grass, the cottage by the lake, the familiar symbols, "vivid but unreal."

Real were iron lines, and, smashing the grass
The cars in which we ride, and real our compelled time:
Painted on enamel beneath the moving glass
Unreal were cows, the wave-winged storks, the lime:
These burned in a clear world from which we pass
Like *rose* and *love* in a forgotten rhyme.

Such expressions, reaching a kind of climax in "The Funeral," "The Prisoners," and the concluding poem, "Not palaces, an era's crown," have been pointed out as the first full utterance in English poetry of the communist attitude—the attitude that the self is important only in so far as it contributes to the general welfare. It is a perfectly logical attitude, but it is not the philosophy which makes Spender's work so vigorous and exciting. It is the power of his feeling, the disdain of emotional as well as verbal clichés, the nobility of his impulse, the sheer thrust of his phrases, naked, direct, and yet lyrical.

Auden's "Poems" are also the expressions of a communist poet and an equally powerful one. Auden is both a more prolific and a more uneven writer than Spender. He is sometimes so obscure as to be almost unintelligible, sometimes as sharp as the concise inscription to Christopher Isherwood, to whom Spender's volume is likewise dedicated:

Let us honour if we can
The vertical man
Though we value none
But the horizontal one.

Yet even when he is most difficult of comprehension, forsaking abstractions he no longer trusts to embrace symbols with which he is not yet at ease, there is an eloquence which convinces beyond the material. "Paid on Both Sides" is a thirty-page charade which, in its confusion of purpose and effects, will baffle intelligences higher than the average. Yet every individual scene is dynamic, and there are brilliant passages throughout, such as the monologue of the Man-Woman as prisoner of war, and the chorus which begins:

To throw away the key and walk away.

Both these passages call attention to Auden's technical gifts. Surpassing Spender in his use of shifting rhyme and other devices of sound, he is the most daring and successful experimenter (with the exception of MacLeish) since Wilfred Owen. A single reading will barely suggest the skill of Auden's metric and the integrity of his idiom, maintained through all the varying forms. He employs suspensions and "analyzed" rhyme with great freedom; mingles assonance with perfect rhyme; and explores the limbo between prose and verse, between music and mathematics.

Some readers will be won by the more forthright declarations of Spender; others will prefer the richer, if more recondite, rhetoric of Auden. Auden's swift play of drama, irony, and bitter burlesque is heightened by a restless imagination; Spender's lack of humor is more than compensated by his intensity—a characteristic which has caused some critics to compare him to Shelley. But whichever the reader may choose—if a choice is necessary—the result will be something significant and stirring. Spender and Auden are the two most original new poets who have appeared in England since the Great War and the Greater Disintegration.

The BOWLING GREEN

Interpolation

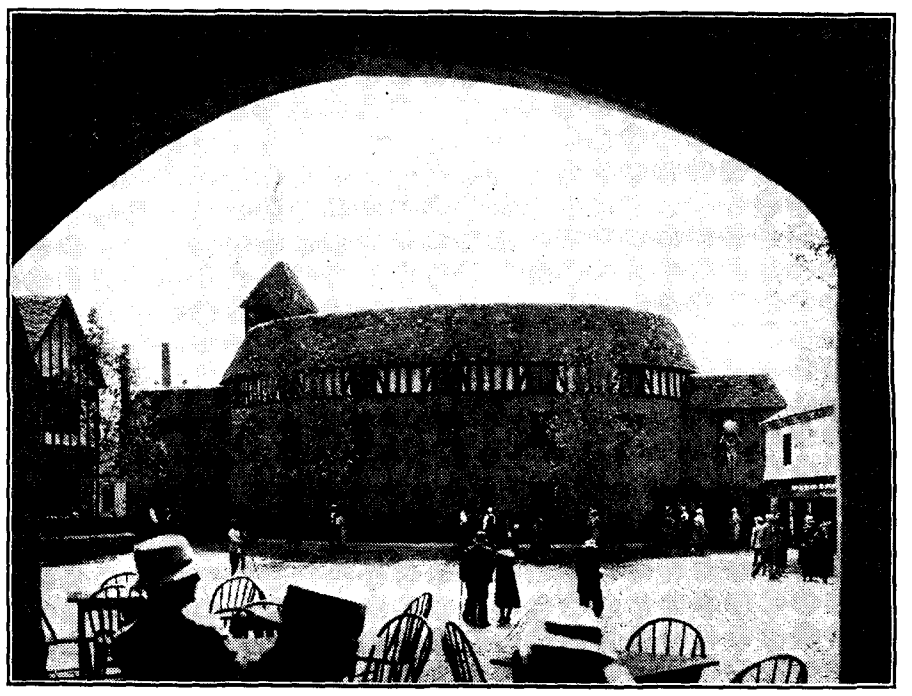
I'M supposed to be writing about South America; but you must allow an interpolation. It's hard to keep my mind on South America as I sit here at the window of one of my favorite hotels, the sweet-smelling old Congress in Chicago, and see Lake Michigan fading into the dusk. And yet when I had my first view of Chicago from the lake, the other afternoon, her tall skyline in sunset light reminded me of the Andes. Chicago's peaks are more evenly disposed than Manhattan's, not clumped in separate bristles; and the wide perspective of the lake allows them to be seen in broad range. New York, the narrow city, is usually seen obliquely. As I said to a reporter who insisted upon comment, New York's angle of vision is more acute; Chicago's more obtuse. The remark was perhaps not well chosen.

By the kindness of a friend I had a brief voyage in a big Diesel yacht, the *Mizpah*, before Commander McDonald rang "Finished with Engines" for the season. Big as a small liner she lay rolling in the long freshwater swells. It was odd and thrilling to stand up on her bridge in that keen air, feel a plunging sway as authentic as any our *Santa Maria* tilted off the coast of Peru, and realize that this was an ocean inland. Chicago has always given me the enchantment of incessant paradox. Our commander and his yachtsman friend on the bridge wore the caps of the Imperial Yacht Club of Kiel, yet they are not Germans. The breakwaters were whitened by thousands of perching gulls, yet it was not salt water. Those islets are not (as they would be in Peru) fortresses for political prisoners but intakes to provide the city with drink and laundry. Far in the distance were the towers and odd shapes of the great World's Fair—a modernistic enterprise where the most successful venture has been an imitation of an old English village and a thrilling Elizabethan production of Shakespeare and Marlowe.

Chicago always gives one much to think about; thoughts difficult to pursue to conclusion. I was anxious for reasons of my own to get some information about the geography of Iowa and asked the telephone operator if she could tell me. She was uncertain, but said she could put me on to a gentleman who would know. I supposed perhaps it was some good-natured Iowan staying in the hotel; he told me what I needed, even referring to a catalogue of the University of Iowa for some point of detail; then was quietly gone off the wire before I could properly thank him. So I explained to the operator that I hadn't meant to bother some stranger. "Oh that was no stranger," she said, "that was the Chicago *Tribune*. Anything you want to know you can always find out from them."

If that were only so! Can they tell me why the miracle of Chicago always stirs and troubles me so strangely? The beauty of its wide lakeshore plazas—so little used except by rubber tires—and a few blocks away those dark congested streets and gloaming alleys. Its sudden juxtapositions of splendor and squalor always seem more like London than any other city I know. I've always noticed an odd tinge of cockney in its temperament: its love of Old English Chop Houses must have sharpened the appetite for the remarkable success of "Merrie England," the only part of the great Fair which I had opportunity to see. There, at the "Red Lion" or the "Cheshire Cheese" (if you could pry your way in) you could find grilled sausage and mashed, or boiled fish and chips, or steak and kidney pie, or beef and Yorkshire pudding and horseradish, such plenitude of brussels sprouts, pickled walnuts, Banbury cakes and toasted cheese as were necessary on an autumn evening as cold and moist as Fleet Street itself. They tell the story of a Chicago journalist in London who had been forced hundreds of times to take American visitors to the original Cheshire Cheese, until he wearied to death of that tourist-ridden inn. His paper finally recalled him to Chicago; he was loth to leave London but at least, he thought, he was quit of the Cheese for good. He returned home; and the first night here his friends said "Now we'll take you to a place you'll really enjoy and understand—the Cheshire Cheese."

Perhaps it is the Elizabethan gift of gusto that made the Shakespearean performances so admirable at the Chicago Fair. In counterfeit presentment of the old Globe Theatre (so far as we know that theatre's construction—except only that the top was open to an imitation sky, not the real one) Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens's excellent company performed a repertory of seven Shakespeare plays and Dr. Faustus. Three or four plays were given every afternoon and evening; each one cut down to a running time of about forty-five minutes. Naturally under such vigorous cutting there were scenes and passages forfeited; but the physical arrangement of the old innyard stage lends itself to extraordinary speed, and the pattern, tempo and brilliant continuity of these tabloid pieces were beyond praise. What Mr. Stevens has done is to streamline Shakespeare; and one could learn more of the dramatist's brilliant sense of flow and movement than in many months of library study. When the doors of the theatre were opened, each hour, it was good to see the waiting audience rush in and seize places on the benches. In the mood and surroundings of the Fair something was lost of that frosty sense that they were seeing something literary; I can well imagine that the plays might have been witnessed by those who never even heard of Shakespeare and their comment would be that it was a good show. The pace and verve of the playing were as lively as first-class vaudeville or burlesque (the branches of the stage which kept alive the sense of speed through generations of schoolmarm theatre) and in the case of *Dr. Faustus* there was a real evocation of horror. I was only able to see one evening's bill (*Midsummer Night's Dream, Faustus, Taming of the Shrew*) but it brought the stage back to my business and bosom more than anything in years. They told me that in the closing days of the Fair they had had to turn away customers in thousands. And you can hardly blame me for being pleased when a lady, at the performance of *Dr. Faustus*, heard my name and said "Isn't it nice he could be here for the production of his own play."



THE OLD GLOBE THEATRE
As reproduced in Chicago, 1934.

There was an anecdote in one of the Chicago newspapers the other day, describing a young woman riding on a streetcar with a book open on her lap. It was a textbook on psychology and lay open at the chapter on "Attention," while the student "gazed idly out of the window for blocks and blocks." Miss June Provines, alert columnist of the Chicago *Tribune*, found this amusing; as of course it is. But the faculty of Attention is very subtle and variable; it cannot always be methodically directed. We may even suppose ourselves to be thinking about something quite different from what is really in the central stream of the mind; it's quite possible that what the day-dreaming young student was thinking about was more important than the lessons of the textbook. The whole effort of imaginative literature today, it seems to me, is to control and insulate Attention, not unlike the attempt of the mechanical engineers to reduce unnecessary wind resistance, friction wastage. The streamline treatment given Shakespeare's plays by Mr. Stevens and his company made them pierce through the outer fuzz of distraction or disregard, and plunge at once into the quick of the audience's apprehension. It was a fascinating achievement.

In Chicago more than anywhere I realize how I have gone bad as a journalist; for though I see many interesting things I always wish to postpone writing about them until I've thought them over. It reminds me of the curious case printed in the newspapers about a year ago. A rancher in the State of Washington was found to offer so powerful a bodily resistance to radio waves that he stored up electricity in himself to a painful degree. Occasionally this surcharge dissipated itself in convulsive shocks that caused him great suffering; if a radio was turned on anywhere near him he suffered torments. He had been ingenious enough to carry a cane wrapped with wire, which grounded this random voltage and gave him some relief; but the occasion of the news item was that an electrical engineer had designed for him a condensing device to go up his arms and inside his coat; an aperitive for these invisible fevers.

I may have the technical details rather shaky, but the analogy has often occurred to me. The practising journalist must offer no resistance to the general literary electricity that surrounds him. It must flow through him easily and swiftly, and not accumulate in painful tensions or be stepped up to higher amperage by any desire to interpret. So I will not try to find any special symbolism in Chicago's wistfulness these recent days, regretting that her great Century of Progress was about to close. On a wet autumn morning she tied open every whistle valve for five minutes and sent her roar of valediction to the rainy sky. I won't say—as probably every editorialist will—that even Nature wept.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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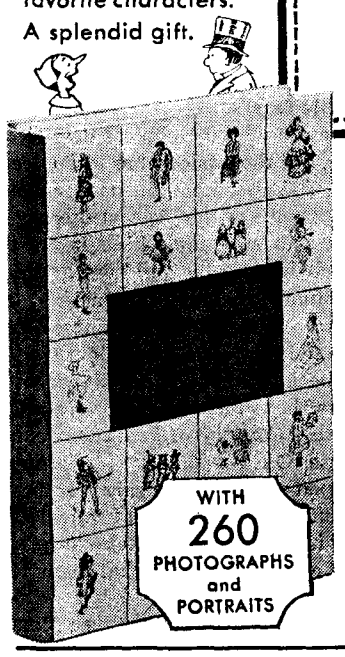

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Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

BENEDETTO CROCE'S latest volume, "Orientamenti" (Milano: Gilardi e Noto), is described in a subtitle as "Little Essays in Political Philosophy," and it is as packed with ideas as it is brief in the expression of them. It offers still further evidence that, unlike his colleague Gentile, Croce maintains his independence of current official doctrine in Italy. The man who had the courage to protest against the Vatican Treaty continues to take his stand for enlightenment and to dispose, gently but firmly, of all theories of government and the state which led to absolutism, whether of the "Aryan" or the "totalitarian" variety. This he succeeds in doing without making any direct allusion to fascism, just as his "Storia d'Italia dal 1871 a 1915" proved to be an indictment of that regime which baffled the heresy-hunters by never mentioning it.

Croce's conception of the state is one which does not tally with that of the dictators, nor with that of our own rugged individualists. He will not admit that the state is an abstraction, neither an abstraction to be resisted nor an abstraction to which the individual must submit. To love the state and to collaborate with it is, from Croce's point of view, to enjoy the privilege of liberty.

> Liberty in the state which is not political liberty is inconceivable. . . . It is the collaboration of the citizen in the life of the state; it is in vain that theorists have tried to draw a distinction between the state and the liberty of the individual.

Revolutions occur, either when the state is incapable of responding to the life of the people, or when the impulses of the people are unworthy of the state.

Culture that is promoted by reactionaries has one great weakness, a fatal weakness: it relies on quantity rather than quality. Croce cites the Counter Reformation as an example of a period in history when "planned thinking" produced a sterile literature. "Critics and historians are either indifferent to or contemptuous of these servile and fanatical writings which "purported to be poetry, philosophy, and history in the age of the Counter Reformation or of the restoration of absolutism." Defying the dogmatists of every vintage, Croce asserts that in periods of reaction

> culture can be sought and found only amongst the opponents of reaction: as in Italy, during the Counter Reformation, when culture was represented by Bruno, Campanella, and Galileo. . . . Similarly in the Napoleonic era only those writers live who were in opposition, Châteaubriand and Madame de Staël; and that military and political genius revealed his mental limitations and the poverty of his unpoetic heart when, declaring his admiration for Pierre Corneille, he said that if he had lived in Napoleon's time, he would have made him a "duke."

In an excellent chapter entitled "Against the Survival of Historic Materialism" Croce pays his compliments to Marxian dialectics.

> Far be it from me to underrate the importance of plutocrats and proletarians, of business men and workers; but I do not think I am unfair to them when I remind them that neither one nor the other fulfills any function concerning the soul, or that they contribute anything to the moral and political life or to the education of human society.

In other words, it is Croce's contention that profiteers and proletarians are equally indifferent to the finer values of human existence. "Liberty is not a function of the bourgeois or any other economic order, it is a function of the human mind and its profound needs; its origins and character are not economic, but moral and religious."

There are two excellent essays on Spengler and Bergmann as examples of the folly that now possesses the German mind. Spengler's conception of man as an educated gorilla is treated by Croce with the contempt which it deserves. Quoting the impudent assumption that Russians and Southern Europeans are negroes, or colored people, Croce concludes that the spread of Spengler's ideas should be permitted because "I am convinced of the folly of prohibiting so-called pernicious literature and I believe that the best thing is to let such literature circulate and become well-known, because then its ill effects cure themselves." The effusions of Bergmann in "Erkenntnisgeist und Muttergeist" achieve a point of idiocy which prompts Croce to explain:

> What imbeciles we Europeans have become! I use the first person plural with a sense of humility, because imbecility is contagious and as we look around and see so many people attacked by this disease we should fear lest we ourselves become infected.

Camillo Pellizzi, who holds the chair of Italian at London University, has produced a very interesting history of modern English drama. "Il Teatro Inglese" (Milano: Treves) deals not only with the English drama as its title might imply, but with the Irish and the American theatre. After an introductory chapter which vividly evokes that strange creature, the Englishman, Professor Pellizzi begins his history of the English-speaking theatre in the nineteenth century. His view is that this theatre was essentially a criticism of the bourgeoisie by themselves. Ibsen led the way and then came Shaw, Hankin, Granville Barker. Shaw, whose importance he rightly emphasizes, is well described by him as "the anti-bourgeois bourgeois." The other side of the English mentality is illustrated by such playwrights as J. M. Barrie, J. E. Flecker, Lord Dunsany, and John Drinkwater. As an Italian Professor Pellizzi is impressed, as most Latins are, by the English capacity for childishness. "He who does not understand 'Peter Pan,' or who does not understand that 'Peter Pan' is a serious work and in a certain sense one that is fundamental for the English mind, must give up trying to understand England or anything that concerns her."

The World War closed that period in the history of the English theatre. It is now a far cry from the passionate militancy of Shaw, Galsworthy, and Granville Barker to the fripperies of Mr. Noel Coward, the witticisms of Mr. Lonsdale and the pointless moroseness of Somerset Maugham. Vitality in the post-war theatre, according to Professor Pellizzi, must be sought in Ireland and America. The outstanding figures in the English-speaking drama are Sean O'Casey and Eugene O'Neill.

The sixth volume of Ugo Ojetti's "Cose Viste" (Milano: Mondadori) covering the years from 1931 to 1934, will be of interest to those who enjoy this essayist's facility for saying nothing rather well. Firmly established in the good graces of Mussolini, Signor Ojetti takes good care not to offend the powers that be, even though a foreign reader may be provoked to a sarcastic smile. When not making himself agreeable to his Master, Signor Ojetti can write graceful, if rather superficial, things about Paderewski, Verga, Fogazzaro, and the American girl who said "Italian girls don't know how to drink."

This year marks the centenary of the death of William Blackwood, the famous Edinburgh bookseller and publisher, and the founder of *Blackwood's Magazine.* Commenting upon it the *London Observer* says: "*Blackwood's Magazine* was founded in 1817, the first number appearing in April of that year; and its founder's purpose was not only to provide a means of expression of Tory opinion, then very much lacking in the Scottish capital, but also to lift the monthly form of periodical publication in Scotland above the dull and insipid level common to such organs at that time. Early in its existence *Blackwood's Magazine,* which Blackwood himself edited and managed, had the advantage of the contributions of two such brilliant writers as Lockhart and Professor Wilson; and in general its superiority in contents and their presentation and its consequent popularity with the reading public were testified to by the haste with which its predecessors among monthly magazines—including the *Scots Magazine,* then printed by Constable—set about reconstructing themselves on similar lines."

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A Novel of Ideas

THE DEATH AND BIRTH OF DAVID MARKAND. By Waldo Frank. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

WALDO FRANK is a social philosopher. He understands first causes and has a prophet's passion for searching them out. To such as himself the malignant social diseases that today afflict America cry out for diagnosis and excision. But diagnosis first. We must trace our ills, he knows, to sources and symptoms. We must prepare a fever chart and see the thing grow. Specifically, Mr. Frank in this new novel undertook to fashion such a portrait of pre-war America as would reveal the very seeds of our disorders and impel our minds straight toward the solution. It is a sincere and magnificent concept. The book commands our attention by its vigor and its ambition, even as its structural weaknesses defeat its purpose.

For this is not the book Mr. Frank proposed to write. It falls short because his materials are ill-handled and distorted by the very fire of his vision. Having said that he is a philosopher, it must be added that he is not a historian. He feels the problems of Man, but he does not feel or understand men, as the novelist, who is a historian, must. He is unable to detach himself and his own emotion from his project long enough to permit the scene and the people in it to exist in their own right. That is why his picture of pre-war America seems synthetic, strangely premonitory. The details are there, but they don't date properly. The people are unreasonably nervous, fatalistic, speak oracularly, as though they knew their own fates and the ultimate meanings of things. They step out of character and grow eloquent, so that we suspect ventriloquism. They are, in fact, devices, manipulated by Mr. Frank to make his point. And of course points cannot be made so. There is more of the period, warm, breathing, and alive, to be found in Mr. Sullivan's "Our Times" than in the pages of this novel.

David Markand is a figure familiar enough in literature. He is one of those derivatives of St. Francis of Assisi, who seek spiritual regeneration by forswearing security to plunge into the stream of life and find themselves in others. All of Wassermann's later characters, from Christian Wahnschaffe to Doctor Kerkhoven, turn thus to a declericalized Christianity, an embracing sense of justice. Markand turns to socialism. But here, again, the purpose is better than its execution. Markand is so meager and unsatisfactory a character from start to finish that he serves as a poor vessel, at best, for his ideas. We are prepared to see him grow, as he passes through the strata of society and finds experience everywhere, from New York to Illinois to Alabama to Pennsylvania. We expect a spiritual expansion. But Markand remains the same, unendingly self-centered, never sufficiently aware of other people to cease listening to his own interior monologues. No experience ever moves him to forget himself. He is constantly pretending allegiance to an ideal, freedom or education or socialism, but we are not deceived. It is David Markand he is thinking of. He is not the new social man Mr. Frank has been trying to make of him, but the old moon-calf of another era, still buried in his own reactions, still the center of things.

It is despite the main character, rather than through him, that the dominant ideas of this book emerge. If Markand is not genuine, Mr. Frank is, and if he cannot build a novel out of eloquence he can, novel or no novel, put his case. He can pose his questions, and he can indicate his answers. He can create certain characters that are genuinely successful, because they are static, unchanging, and sit, so to speak, to their portraits. Such are Dr. Conninge, the Catholic cleric; John Byrne, the socialist; Tom Rennard, the capitalist lawyer. And his ideas do live and invest the book with their own vigor. How much more potent his questions and answers would be if they were embodied in a protagonist and a scene that possessed a corresponding vigor!

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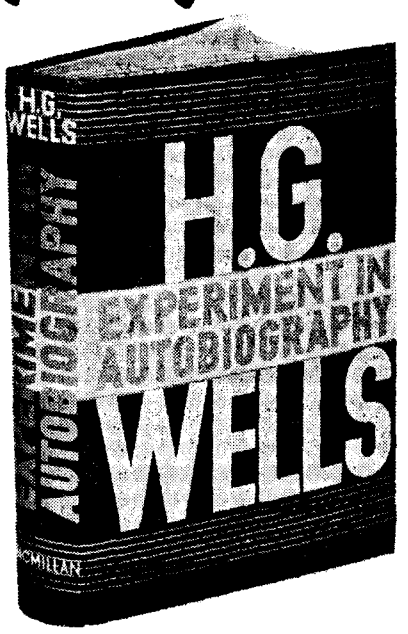

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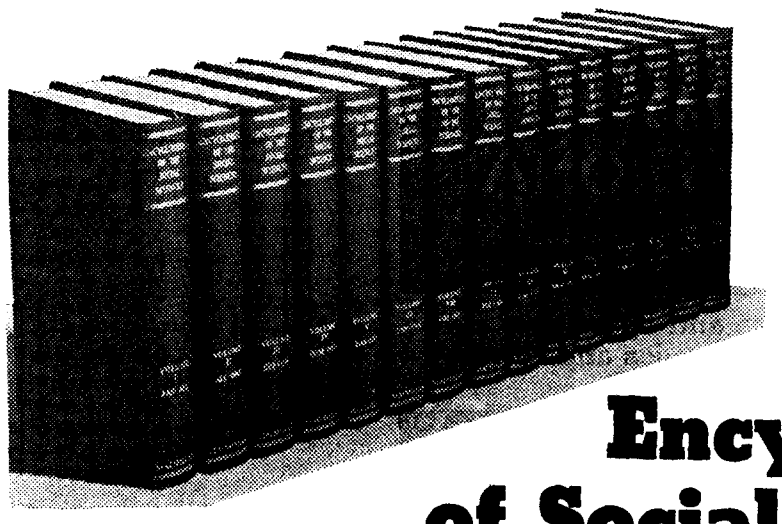

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

MODERN PROSE STYLE. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford University Press. 1934. $2.75.

Mr. Dobrée entitles his Part 4 also "Modern Prose Style." This part deals, first, with the closer approximations of recent writers to the forms and rhythms of conversation, and, second, to the mesmeric or subterranean experiments of Miss Stein, Mr. Joyce, and others; whereas the rest of the parts contain some selections equally recent which point to quite different tendencies, and some that were written a generation ago. There is the difficulty with the word "modern." Its forward boundary is always moving on, and no one knows where lies its beginning. It does not stay put in place or meaning. The same writer at different times gives it a different content and extent.

It may mean a decade, a generation, a century, or a school. Taking it in the sense of contemporary or twentieth century, Mr. Dobrée seems to be right that the prose of many, if not most, of our newer writers is nearer the conversational tone. The structural sentence and formal phrase are less common than fifty or a hundred years ago. Whether for better or worse is debatable. William Hazlitt once wrote an essay on "The Familiar Style," which contained perhaps as much good sense in the matter as can be found anywhere. We ourselves find Mr. Dobrée's selections more interesting than his comments, and our reactions generally differ from his. He exaggerates, to our mind, distinctions of rhythm and the effects of sentence endings. Of the two selections from Dean Inge and Mr. Shaw, we know which is Shaw and which is Inge, not because of stylistic differences, but by their differences of mental attitude to the political issues they are discussing. One does not seem able to separate, in any good writer, what he says from how he says it. How and what he thinks is as much a part of his style as the words he selects or the balance of his sentences. The form is also a content, and the content is part of the form. When you try to separate form from content, you try to give a separate existence to something which has no separate existence. You can only get a feeling of the *how* apart from the *what* by picking out some details and exaggerating their importance. Mr. Shaw and Dean Inge would phrase the same idea differently no doubt, but not so much because of their differing relations to the English language as because of their differing relations to the idea. Nevertheless Mr. Dobrée is worth reading by any student of the subject.

A. C.

Fiction

BRINKLEY MANOR. By P. G. Wodehouse. Little, Brown. 1934. $2.

Even good Wodehouse sometimes nods; but not this time. It is impossible to say much about "Brinkley Manor"—known to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* as "Right-ho, Jeeves"—except that it is in the very best tradition of the Jeeves saga. Of Mr. Wodehouse's alternating casts of characters this reviewer prefers, on the whole, the Blandings Castle crew; even though it contains no such towering figure as Jeeves, the Dizzy Dean of modern fiction. But in the current offering Jeeves gets much better support from his infield than is sometimes given him.

What is the book about? Good God, what is a Jeeves book ever about? In so far as a detonator is needed to start things going, it is supplied by the earnest effort of Bertie Wooster to get his friend Augustus Fink-Nottle, the newt fancier, steamed up to the point of offering his heart and hand to Madeline Bassett. Jeeves would have done the work, of course; but a difference of opinion as to the merits of the mess jacket Bertie had brought back from the Riviera led the young master to supersede Jeeves and insist on going it alone. No need to wonder how the story comes out; it is what happens before it comes out that gives you your two dollars' worth. If every political orator who rises anywhere in this broad land, in the current campaign, to make a speech for any candidate or any party, were compelled to suppress his own remarks and recite instead the speech of Augustus Fink-Nottle, at the annual prize-giving of the Market Snodsbury Grammar School, this would be a happier nation.

E. D.

THE WHITE REEF. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd Mead. 1934. $2.50.

This is an excellent story told with unfaltering idealism which never sinks to the sentimental.

Heartbreak Cove, on the Pacific Coast, is a world in itself. It is a little fishing village where time is but the warp of memories, and on whose shores Spanish sailors, shipwrecked there three hundred years ago, still dance as a warning that "disaster comes to those who enter here for gain—and follows them who go out for gain."

The story deals with men "who lay their voices against the sea" and a pair of lovers. Against the fatalism engendered by the forces of nature and narrow conventions these two pit their ideals, their honor, and their love.

The result is a rapid, dramatic narrative, deepened and solidified by rich detail. One closes the book with a sense of real intimacy with the people, the shop, the streets, the pine trees, and the cliffs, and the sea urchins under the water. The language combines a terseness with a husky timbre and a quaint turn of the phrase. Martha Ostenso has handled a theme full of pitfalls with a real dignity.

A. W.

Miscellaneous

BALLETOMANIA. By Arnold L. Haskell. Simon & Schuster. 1934. $3.75.

Arnold Haskell is a chivalrous champion of the ballet, eloquent in his appreciation of it, and fierce in its defence. Ballet is the grand passion of his life and he asks only to follow it around the world. He is equally ravished by the thirty-two fouettés of Trefilova, the seasickness of Verchinina, or the X-ray of Toumanova's injured foot. His obsession is as selfless as a mother's devotion to her child. In a fever of admiration brought to a high pitch by the recent success of the Monte Carlo Ballet he has written "Balletomania," a

(*Continued on page* 280)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GENTLE ART OF MURDER: 1934 *A. L. Schlosser* (Vanguard: $2.)	Six *causes célèbres* of the year, including John Dillinger and the Tufverson - Poderjay enigma. (Non-fiction.)	All right if you don't read the newspapers and enjoy the gory details gloatingly dished up.	Newgate Calendar *redivivus*
THE MAN ON ALL FOURS *August W. Derleth* (Loring & Mussey: $2.)	Four murders in rambling mansion of "eccentric" family keep Judge Peck busy until two more deaths unravel puzzle.	Hard to beat for shivery background and atmosphere in which almost anything can happen. Sleuthing above average.	Spine-tickling
THE CROSSWORD MURDER *E. R. Punshon* (Knopf: $2)	Two British brothers, gold-standard devotees, violently pass on, and Bobby Owen finally solves gruesome crossword puzzle.	Moves a bit leisurely, but basic idea is engrossing and denouement is grisly knockout.	18 kt.
DEATH RIDES THE AIR LINES *William Sutherland* (Claude Kendall: $2)	Newspaper magnate, with checkered morals, stabbed in Boston-N.Y. plane amid passengers with grudges agin him. Police solve it.	"Cut-backs" of characters lives as investigated by police build this yarn up to interesting heights.	Top flight

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THE spectacle of a genuinely superior poet who is also vastly popular is rare enough in the annals of literature; but such is *Edna St. Vincent Millay's* position. She is as popular as was ever the late *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*, a most inferior poet; and yet she is as fine a poet at her best as some of the great English poets of the seventeenth century. Also Miss Millay is an intensely glamorous person and one with more spiritual backbone than the majority of people. Yet to the populace who rush to buy her newest book of poems she is still the poet of "A Few Figs from Thistles," reminding them of what might be called her "poetic wisecracks" of an earlier day, during which period she showed the way to *Dorothy Parker* and a number of other clever women writers. "My candle burns at both ends," for instance, must by this time have circumnavigated the globe, in every variety of misquotation. It was even spoken with feeling recently in a play on Broadway. Yes, the figs were popular, and the thistles were relished by those who wish poets to be epigrammatists chiefly; and smart people, or people who thought they were smart, "took up" Edna St. Vincent Millay and her legend and her poetry. That was a long time ago, but the mythical creature the smart people have made of her still persists.

And now, upon the publication of her new book, "Wine from These Grapes" (Harpers), what do I read in the daily press? Something glamorous that she once was, they say, is no more. She is cold, she is intensely bitter, and so on. Well, in her lavish youth she prided herself upon what *Elinor Wylie* has called "the hard heart of a child," and I could name a certain poem of hers of other days ending "The blood too bright, the brow accursed," which has hardly been equalled in the English language for concentrated bitterness. Also, my masters, may I point out that poets with any element of greatness—and a valid claim to greatness in certain of her work I most certainly believe Edna St. Vincent Millay to have—do not stand still in one place just because that is where you are used to seeing them, and do not keep on repeating what they have said before just because those are the only things you wish to hear from them. They develop. They may develop in a direction you consider the wrong one, but they move on from point to point. You should not wish to find their new book exactly or even nearly like the old. True, that is mostly the expectation of those who read people because they are popular and not because they can distinguish noble from base; yet we are all apt to sin in some such fashion when we have been intoxicated on some earlier vintage; and we all sin in another fashion when a poet has attained a certain height of achievement; his or her former good may have been so very good that it would be superhuman to be able to surpass it; but that is what we expect.

Well, first I wish to say of "Wine from These Grapes" that there is no deterioration here in Miss Millay's scrupulous fashioning of line, in that tart crabapple quality of some of her phrases, in her mixture of nymph and spinster, in her fine, proud walking, in the occasional miraculous trophy of her spear. She knows nature, and she knows man. She has fully experienced life. She speaks with wisdom and beauty, and even turns to experiment in form. Her observation of nature is close and exact. For instance, her white setter who sets forth on the bird's track "And wet to his pink skin and half his size comes back," is perfection. She knows the way also of fawns and fledglings and the look of things whether by the Housatonic or by the Mediterranean. Section two is given up to death and "Childhood Is the Kingdom where Nobody Dies" is to me exceedingly poignant. Mrs. Millay was a remarkable mother to her talented daughters, and this poem is real life in its deepest grief. It is also entirely Miss Millay's own way of speaking. But, though the thought behind "My Spirit Sore from Marching" is indubitably Miss Millay's, and for good reason, not only is the cadence *A. E. Housman* but the trick of phrase. In this section four, the shadow of the Shropshire Lad's inventor falls several times across the page. But "Above These Cares" is an experiment of some success, and "How Naked, How Without a Wall" is so gloriously grim a lyric that I prize it as among the best.

The sonnet-sequence "Epitaph for the Race of Man" completes the book and certainly opens superbly. These sonnets march with a distinguished tread. The mood of them might certainly be induced by the present state of the world, wherein about the best you can say for Man is that he is a pitiful bungler; and yet it would seem to me also that the sequence is the fruit of an experience more deeply personal. A fine book, all in all.

NOT MINE TO FINISH

Genevieve Taggard has not given us a book of poems for eight years, and it was high time. "Not Mine to Finish" (Harpers) is a distinguished work. More metaphysical and less clear than Miss Millay, more wildly original at times but less the accomplished craftsman; a poet who is always bold and can be almost surly, Miss Taggard's longest and one of her most interesting poems in this book is "Evening Love-of-Self." It is headed by a quotation taken from *The New Masses*, saying "this profound turning away from life and from the world takes place on a large scale only in periods of social stagnation and despair." I think our present social stagnation has a great deal to do with the nature of the present work of both the above poets. I think Miss Taggard's modern woman looking at a sunset and indulging in complicated introspection is a most modern phenomenon. In "Lark" and "Peace Like the Myrtle," on the other hand, Miss Taggard can be purely lyrical. I think she is inclined to use the syllable "O" too much in exclamation, to suggest on occasion a Gerald Manley Hopkinsness not quite natural to her; to be more E. E. Cummings than herself in writing to an American workman, and not in very good colloquialism at that. Her mind is subtle, but I think at times she eliminates too much in expressing her thought. It is the modern style, as is rhyming "no" with "El Greco," a bastard business of which I shall never understand the force. Miss Taggard's poetry has swept up some of these tricks from the modern litter; but they are not essential to it. And this verse displays real and strong personality and one of the most lively poetic minds of our time. The academic has not prevailed to spoil the wild growth of a talent which is still in the course of a steady development.

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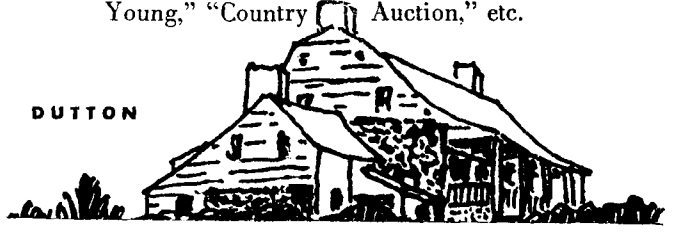

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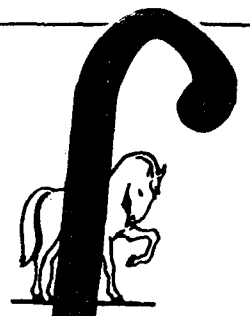

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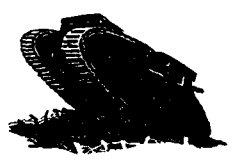

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 272*)

not, one doubtfully gathers, to those of Sophocles, Euripides, the Brownings, or Mrs. Pearl Buck.

And as personal opinion for which I am not prepared to offer scientific substantiation, I object to an inference that the "shocking" writers desire, primarily, to shock others. I hope Dr. Kubie would not entirely disagree when I say that it is the impact with what is horrifying that produces the horror tale. Horror is then obsessive. When this is the condition of the artist, he does, as I interpret it, feel an urge to compel a general recognition of his nightmare, thus drawing others into the circle of the dream which is his "reality," in which, without art, he would remain isolated. A term like "exhibitionism" scarcely conveys such an experience, and hampers recognition of the fact that much "shock" writing is an effect of over-sensibility, rather than of mere brutal brazenness. The man most aware of a disparity between an indifferent externality and the realm of his hopes and affections, will incline to make his story horrible in the measure of his own suffering.

In the "Introductory Essay," the resigned and reflective spirit of a true classicism is so well regretted, in contrast to the mood of the present literature of violence; and this has suggested to me, as explanatory offering, that such a spirit is denied among us by a prevalent and still justifiable dread of being deceived—deceived even in our own human nature. Since we have formally outcast Victorian shibboleths, the conviction that we build on the shifting sands of illusions has induced a negativism in our mental outlook which strives with the persistent positiveness of instinct and produces that poetic jangling of nerves Dr. Kubie, of necessity, discusses with a too-narrowing definiteness, not allowing to it its wider meaning.

On one point, however, I approach Dr. Kubie as a questioner with humbly acknowledged confusion. In analyzing "Sanctuary," adducing from its indications of "erotization anxiety" the theme of impotence, he takes Popeye as the key to his argument. To me, Popeye is a forced creation, the least successful in the whole book. Toward the end, he degenerates into a case history—a mere diagram of happenings to a possible personality. I have always tended to assume that whenever, in the process of writing, a character takes hold on an author's imagination in the only way which makes an effect creatively vital, such a character represents high emotional importances for his designer. Sometimes the origins of such a character can be traced in the writer's experience, sometimes not. How then is Popeye, detailed for us not only without sympathetic inspiration but without any inspiration at all, even that of hatred, the figure in the story controlling its significance? I am eager to know what Dr. Kubie's explanation would be. EVELYN SCOTT.

Scotch Plains, N. J.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 278*)

book hastily put together and lacking in sequence, but infectious in its enthusiasm.

His knowledge of ballet technique is thorough, for he has spent almost as many hours in the classroom as the dancers themselves; consequently his appreciation is well founded. He has known all the personalities and gossip connected with ballet for the past fifteen years. To reassure himself of his convictions he has occasionally torn himself away from ballet to watch other schools of dancing, and has returned with the satisfactory conclusion that no other child compares with his own.

New York has been tossed between opposing schools of dance for some time. For several years in the absence of any good ballet, the offshoots of the Laban and Wigman schools have been ascendant in the public's interest. But ballet needed only one successful season by the Monte Carlo company to recapture its popularity. Arnold Haskell's opinion of the Wigman school is very like that of Fokine whom he quotes.

> It is a development of dilettantism unparalleled in the history of the dance, a definite step backwards. This so-called innovation is built up on a total absence of a real knowledge of the grammar and syntax of dancing . . . Musically it is wretched. . . .

Exactly the same accusations are made against ballet by its opponents, who speak forcibly for themselves in the "Dance Observer."

Regardless of merit, none will deny that ballet can boast a glamour that makes the performances of Humphrey, Graham, Joos, look drab. The traditional balletomane is nourished by that glamour. And the susceptible Arnold Haskell is so infuriated by it, that every detail of the lives, both professional and private, of ballerinas, choreographers, artists, impresarios, has seemed to him worthy to be recorded. He is the Boswell of ballet.

E. G.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Walk with Me, Lad. A. S. Monroe. Doubleday. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

Agnes Irwin. A. Repplier. Doubleday. $1.50. *The Early Career of Alexander Pope.* G. Sherburn. Oxford Univ. Pr. $5.

ECONOMICS

Economic Planning and the Tariff. J. C. Smith. Princeton Univ. Pr. $3.

EDUCATION

An Introductory Sociology. K. Young. American Book Co. *Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson.* Ed. F. C. Prescott. American Book Co. *Washington Irving.* Ed. H. A. Pochmann. American Book Co. *Henry David Thoreau.* Ed. B. V. Crawford. American Book Co.

MISCELLANEOUS

Food and Health. H. C. Sherman. Macmillan. $2.50. *Lasker's Manual of Chess.* E. Lasker. Dutton. $4. *How to Present Gilbert and Sullivan Operas.* A. O. Bassuk. New York: Bass. *Juvenile Probation.* B. B. Beard. American Book Co. *Psychological Diagnosis in Social Adjustment.* P. M. Symonds. American Book Co. *The Gentle Art of Murder.* 1934. A. L. Schlosser. Vanguard. $5. *The Second-Generation Japanese Problem.* E. K. Strong, Jr. Stanford Univ. Pr. $3.25. *New Deal Solitaire.* J. N. Fitts. Smith & Haas. $1.35. 250 *Bible Biographies.* F. S. Mead. Harpers. *Contract Bridge Red Book on Play.* E. Culbertson. Winston. $2. *The American Eagle.* F. H. Herrick. Appleton. $3.50. *Plant Propagation.* A. C. Hottes. De La Mare. $2. *New York Walk Book.* R. H. Torrey, F. Place, Jr., and R. L. Dickinson. Dodd. $2.50.

PAMPHLETS

Socialism for America. J. Panken. Rand School Press. 5 cents. *Democracy and Revolution.* F. Adler. Rand School Press. 10 cents. *The Austrian Civil War.* J. Oneal. Rand School Press. 10 cents. *Farmers, Where Are We Going?* G. A. Nelson. Socialist Party of America. 5 cents. *Poverty Amidst Plenty.* Earl of Tankerville. New Economics Group. *Short Papers on Money.* Marquis of Tavistock. New Economics Group. *The Nature of Democracy.* C. H. Douglas. New Economics Group. *The Use of Money.* C. H. Douglas. New York: New Economics Group. *Mobile Stagnation.* I. Coryell. Dorchester, Mass.: Record Pub. Co. *Charles Lamb,* 1834-1934. R. S. Knox. Reprinted from *Univ. of Toronto Quarterly. "Reconciliation" in Tragedy. Shakespeare and Sophocles.* E. E. Stoll. Reprinted from *Univ. of Toronto Quarterly.*

PHILOSOPHY

A Natural Approach to Philosophy. L. G. Rohrbaugh. Noble. $2.50.

RELIGION

Modern Man's Worship. B. E. Meland. Harpers. $2.50. 250 *Bible Biographies.* F. S. Mead. Harpers. *The Four Gospels.* Trans. C. C. Torrey. Harpers. $2.

TRAVEL

Northern Lights. F. S. Chapman. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50.

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EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

A. S. K. of New Orleans, La., *is anxious to refresh his knowledge of America's past, and asks for suggestions for one volume studies of the various periods in our history.*

IF he wants to stick to one volume works A. S. K. will find just what he is looking for in the EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY (Longmans, Green) series, edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. This consists of four volumes, the first, THE COLONIES, by R. G. Thwaites, the second, THE FORMATION OF THE UNION, by Hart himself, the third, DIVISION AND REUNION, by Woodrow Wilson, revised by E. S. Corwin, and the fourth, EXPANSION AND REFORM, by J. S. Bassett. The bibliographies which these volumes contain will assist A. S. K. to pursue his studies further if he so desires. There is an excellent work on the settlement of America which he could read, THE COLONIZATION OF NORTH AMERICA (Macmillan) by Herbert E. Bolton and Thomas W. Marshall, which takes into its survey Mexico, Canada, and the West Indies, as well as the future United States and, if he's willing somewhat to broaden the scope of his investigations, he will find in Herbert L. Osgood's AMERICAN COLONIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (Columbia University Press), the outstanding work in its field. Sir George Otto Trevelyan's history of the Revolution, (Longmans, Green, 3 vols.) covering the founding of the American republic, would no doubt delight A. S. K. as it has many another, for it is brilliantly written and full of fascinating material. George Fort Milton's THE EVE OF CONFLICT (Houghton Mifflin) which has just made its appearance, is an excellent work on Stephen A. Douglas and the events leading up to the Civil War, and for the immediately post Civil War period there is Claude G. Bowers's THE TRAGIC ERA. The various volumes of Mark Sullivan's OUR TIMES (Scribners) present a lively and many-sided picture of the epochs they cover. If before taking up individual periods A. S. K. feels that it would be well to get a bird's-eye view of general American developments he would find reading James Truslow Adams's THE EPIC OF AMERICA (Little, Brown) both enlightening and entertaining. THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION (Macmillan, 2 vols.) by Charles and Mary Beard, and the several volumes of Rhodes's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (Macmillan) and Oberholtzer's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR (Macmillan) are, of course, works of more extensive character than A. S. K. designates but he would find them excellent reading.

FASCISM AND DEMOCRACY

K. V. B. of Meriden, Conn., *who is taking a course on the culture and civilization of the world today, has chosen as the subject for a paper she has to submit "Mussolini: His Challenge to Democracy," and wants to know where to find material on this theme.*

First of all, if she wants to get a background for her study, she might read Mussolini's MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Scribners) to see what Il Duce himself has to say about his theories and ideals, and she might also try to get hold of the little pamphlet which the Italian Historical Society, 113 West 42nd Street, New York City, puts out for only five cents entitled MUSSOLINI TELLS WHY HE PREFERS FASCISM TO PARLIAMENTARIANISM. This is by Willis J. Abbot. Having thus secured the point of view of Italian fascism she can get that of an enemy to it in Francesco S. Nitti's ESCAPE (Putnams), and an analysis of it in P. Einzig's ECONOMIC FOUNDATIONS OF FASCISM (Macmillan). Perhaps the most brilliant book she can find on the challenge which the fascist doctrine presents to democracy is John Strachey's THE MENACE OF FASCISM (Covici-Friede), a work which had an enthusiastic press when it appeared a year or two ago.

MILITARY LEADERS

H. T. of Pittsfield, N. H., *wishes to make a study of the great soldiers and military leaders of history, and asks for books on them.*

Works of the sort, in the form of individual biographies, are legion of course. If H. T. wants a list of such studies I'll be glad to draw one up; in the meanwhile I've selected titles of a few volumes which contain sketches of several personalities. First and foremost, of course, comes Plutarch's LIVES, which include portraits of some of the great military heroes of ancient Greece and Rome. These, to be sure, are important rather as character sketches than as elaborate history, but nevertheless they belong in any category such as H. T. desires. Omnibus volumes, which present soldiers of a later day, are L. H. Thornton's CAMPAIGNERS—GRAVE AND GAY (Macmillan), T. A. Dodge's GREAT CAPTAINS (Houghton Mifflin), F. J. Hudleston's WARRIORS IN UNDRESS (Little, Brown), R. M. Johnston's LEADING AMERICAN SOLDIERS (Holt), and B. H. Liddell Hart's studies of figures of the Great War, GREAT CAPTAINS UNVEILED (Little, Brown) and REPUTATIONS TEN YEARS AFTER (Little, Brown). The nature of the last-named volume can be judged from the titles of some of its essays: Joffre, the Modern Delphic Oracle; Eric von Falkenhayn, the Extravagance of Prudence; Marshall Galliene, the Real Victor of the Marne; Ludendorff, the Robot Napoleon; Black Jack Pershing, the 100 per cent American. Captain Liddell Hart is by many accounted the best living military critic and his estimates of the leaders of the World War are of importance and interest.

THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE

M. P. C. of Sheffield, Ala., *has had a paper assigned to her on the subject, What Surprises Are Ahead? and wants references to some books that will be helpful in preparing it. The surprises, or at least those her paper is to take cognizance of are to be confined to the field of science.*

THE BOOK OF THE FUTURE (London), by Ritchie Calder, should be the very thing she wants. Mr. Calder addresses himself to the task of explaining how science is getting on, at what it is aiming, and what methods it is employing to attain its goal. He attempts to set forth a picture of society as it will be in the future when the machine and mechanical devices have multiplied, when all food will come from cans, when speed will be a sine qua non of travel, when the tides shall have been harnessed to men's purposes, etc. Those who have read Aldous Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD (Doubleday, Doran) will recall how he depicts the civilization of the future when humanity is to be conditioned even before birth to social theories. Though of course fiction and not science, this book should afford M. P. C. some points for her paper. More serious and scientific considerations, however, are to be had in Bertrand Russell's THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK (Norton), and in the little volumes of the To-day and To-morrow series published by Dutton. Still another work is SCIENCE FOR A NEW WORLD (Harpers), edited by J. G. Crowther.

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Girls Will Be Girls

TESTIMONY to the fact that collectors do read is frequently provided in their discovery of "items" (hateful word, and this department is always open to candidates for a better) that do not appear superficially to have anything to do with the subjects in which they are interested. An absorber of any and all material concerned with the origin, development, and integration of the American language was recently skimming idly through a copy of "Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married" (New York, 1858). Timothy Titcomb was Josiah Gilbert Holland, newspaper and magazine editor and popular moralist, and his "Letters," immensely successful, were a sort of mid-century composite of Emily Post and Walter B. Pitkin. Our collector's eye roved apathetically across the chapter headings—"Getting the Right Start," "Female Society—the Woman for a Wife," "Social Duties and Privileges," "Dress—Its Proprieties and Abuses"—and sparkled with the zealot's flame when it came to "The Prudent and Proper Use of Language" in the section devoted to young women. He began to read, and came soon to a cluster of jewels that made the book essential to his collection. Timothy Titcomb, after inveighing against excess of wit and hyperbole, trained his fireworks on slang, offered instances from his own experience as one whose ears were perpetually open, and composed a paragraph of it himself by way of exploding a set piece of horrible examples.

If you wish to be an "A No. 1" woman, you have got to "toe the mark," and be less "hifalutin." "You may bet your head on that." You may sing "slightually" "like a martingale," you may "spin street yarns" at the rate of ten knots an hour, you may "talk like a book," you may dance as if you were on "a regular break-down," you may "turn up your nose at common folks," and play the piano "mighty fine," but "I-tell-you," you "can't come to tea." "You may be handsome, but you can't come in."

Query

Only one of the two-score proved or indicated forgeries dissected in John Carter's and Graham Pollard's epochal "Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets" bears an American imprint. It has another claim to uniqueness in that it is also the only unit in the sinister assemblage to have been originally bound in cloth. It is Tennyson's "Lucretius," printed, ostensibly, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1868 "for private circulation." Messrs. Carter and Pollard unhesitatingly pronounce this production a fabrication. The details of the proof need not be recited here, but it is interesting to note that an additional bit of evidence (following definite establishment of their case) was provided in the fact that "the binding is lettered *up* the spine, which is the usual practice in this country [England]. In U. S. A. such lettering is almost invariably set running downwards."

One lives and learns, and your correspondent is broad enough to acknowledge that he never knew this before. Inquiry among collectors and booksellers, English and American, however, proved that he was almost alone in his ignorance, and investigation of such books in his own library as were thin enough to require sidewise lettering proved the case empirically. There are, as Messrs. Carter and Pollard concede, occasional exceptions, but the general rule holds.

This department is now eager to learn how the divison first occurred, who began it, how quickly it was accepted—to assemble, in fact, any available data bearing on the history of the practice.

The Other Side

Lloyd Emerson Siberell's bibliography of the first editions of John Cowper Powys, recently issued by the Ailanthus Press of Cincinnati in an edition of 350 copies ($3.50), is indubitably a labor of love. It is a serviceably printed volume, and, what is not too common in labors of love, the text is competently organized and presented.

Not every consultant of his manual will altogether approve of one of Mr. Siberell's innovations. His description of each unit begins with a summary of the binding, followed by a transcription of the title-page. His defense of this plan must inevitably be that the externals of a book greet the eye first, and ought, therefore, to be described first. But the title-page is to such a large degree the core, the essence, the very identity of the book as a physical entity that the conservative scheme of detailing it first in a bibliographical presentation is greatly to be preferred.

The shortcoming is of purely technical importance (though technicalities are hardly to be ignored in so exact a science as bibliography), and it is offset by one admirable bit of consistency in Mr. Siberell's management of his task. In collating, for example, Mr. Powys's "Samphire" (New York, 1922) he assigns it not "pp. 53" but "pp. 53 of text," which is accurate, and which will delight Elmer Adler of the *Colophon*, who has been preaching the gospel of foliated precision for years. A book of 53, or 3, or 659 pages is impossible. To every leaf, as to every question, there are two sides. But a book can, obviously, have 53 pages *of text*, which statement, equally obviously, postulates the existence of a page 54 without text. A book of 53 text pages should therefore be collated "pp. 1-53, text; p. (54) blank." Mr. Siberell calls page (54) "page following 53," an awkward bit of phrasing which can readily be forgiven him for his accuracy in the recital of his statistics.

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Double-Crostics: Number 33

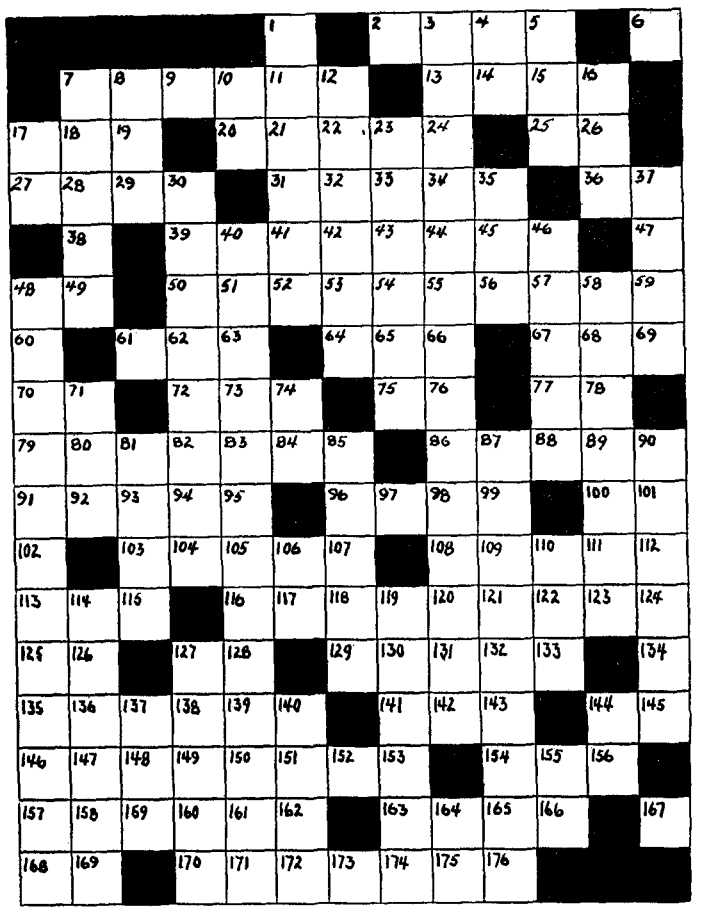
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 38-96-132-102-19-75. A powerful evil demon (Arabian).	_ _ _ _ _ _
II. 104-101-160-69. Explosive sound, as of an engine exhaust.	_ _ _ _
III. 77-141-148-128. Fibrous inner bark of trees.	_ _ _ _
IV. 78-52-36-119-158-63-74-156. Air plant.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 142-17-100-70-68-65-22. Sword in "Die Walküre."	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 157-14-87-60-163-85-90-121. Sharper witted, more cunning.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 54-108-7-41-27-154-175. Eight-sided figure.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 37-47-170-16. Nineteenth century American cartoonist.	_ _ _ _
IX. 168-1-117-94-152-172-103-8. Diabolical.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 97-131-140-18-3-80-143. Personification of slyness.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 20-55-44-173-84-106-13. Luxuriant, rich.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 99-26-161-146-174-169-12. To reduce in severity.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 81-11-134-124-48-89. Passionate, zealous.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 111-2-136-91-105-155. A part of the Japanese empire.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 64-150-50-59-88-137-113-10. Sacred musical composition.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 46-109-176-115-62-53-33. Loiterer, loafer.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 32-122-24-87-42-164. Mother of Apollo and Artemis.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 120-43-147-139-110-57-159-72. State of identity.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 83-15-49-151-144-167-21-25. Frivolous rambler (colloq.).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 34-4-58-86-135-40-145-123-129-79. Dispersed in vapor.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 30-133-127-71-92. First English sonnet writer.	_ _ _ _ _
XXII. 93-171-51-45-118-112. Mischievous as a little devil.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 114-73-39-5-61-98-56-149-23-126. Unusual.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 162-31-82-95-107-28-66-165. Verse but not poetry.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXV. 29-116-9. Lyric expressing lofty sentiment.	_ _ _
XXVI. 138-6-125-166-76-130-153-35. Easy victory (colloq.).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 32)

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT—"CHARLES DARWIN"

Patient to ponder, he mounted stormy seas
Of bigot wrath, met craft that skulks and cowers,
And searched laborious years and days and hours
To link the primrose with the Pleiades.
. . . . . This is he
Who raised a temple to Integrity.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, NORWALK, CONN. Small, distinguished, different. Overlooking Silvermine River. Booklet on request. Tel. Norwalk 2300.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

BORED and rebellious, seeks remedy. Daydreamer running out of dreams. Interested in anything from modern philosophy to wirehaired terriers. Roxanne.

PROFESSIONAL typing manuscripts, editing, revising. Vanderbilt 3-4553.

WEARY of a too feminine world but bound to it by profession—seeking outlet through correspondence with interesting gentleman in thirties. North West Metropolis. Box 62-A.

PEDAGOGUE, female. Satiated with coworkers, fond parents, tiresome meetings, gossipy bridge, sophisticates, highbrows, and pessimists. Enjoy correspondence with real people, real letters, not wise remarks and weather reports. Will do my best. Hopeful.

SOUTHERN location wanted for 3 months by young Northerner; horses, privacy, sea desired. Box 63-A.

DO YOU desire the companionable services of a youngish, single, American woman? Qualifications: Harper Method graduate, and nurses' training. Livelihood.

YOUNG man, 33, intelligent, refined, splendid health, desires correspondence with attractive and cultured young lady. Phil.

"THE LUNATIC HERALD," mad, hilarious monthly; newsstands 10c or from 984 Kelly Street, N. Y. C.; $1.00 yearly.

PERSONALS

COULD one who isn't lonely or brokenhearted but who finds life rather good, merit a correspondent? Lucie.

YOUNG woman seeks acquaintance of young man, 30 or over, in Boston or vicinity. Lonesome.

REFINED young lady desires companionship of tall, intelligent gentleman, preferably over 30. Box 67-A.

ECONOMICALLY independent professional woman, 40, with daughter at college, wishes to meet New Yorker, gentleman 40-50, of radical outlook and intellectual interests, to spice a busy but femininely enveloped life. Box 54-A.

STAND BY for special announcement: there still exists young lady with undyed hair, uncolored nails, and undying fondness for life and laughter. Write for proof. If you're an unmarried man over thirty you'll receive an answer. Box 78-A.

CHEERY large sun-flooded room for rent to desirable lady in fourteenth floor apartment. Call Rhinelander 4-2413 between 12 and 2, 6 and 7. Box 40-A.

P. B.—For years and years! But the COPLEY MIRACLE, thanks to your magic, is to continue forever. Y. L.

PERSONABLE artist will exchange Castilian Spanish for room. Box 71-A.

CARPENTER, intelligent as well as mechanically expert, design, decoration, from house-building to furniture creating. Box 72-A.

WRITER wants change to non-speculative work. Fiction and advertising experience, library research, collaboration, typing. Box 73-A.

BETTY SMITH.—My letter undelivered. Won't you write again? Box 74-A.

AMUSING young man, New Yorker, would like to meet young lady interested music, literature, art, or what have you. Nanki-poo.

LADY lost in the wilds of Ohio would like to correspond with gentlemanly lost soul, interested in outdoor sports, cariocaing, and books. Box 77-A.

PROFESSIONAL woman, widow, central midwest, interested in people, books, theatre, music, bridge, movies, desires acquaintance with congenial man over 40. Box 68-A.

PERSONALS

CONSIDER this Desperate Expedient.—Major Reserve Corps, honorable war record, 39 years old, good appearance, character, nature. Graduate Princeton and Sorbonne. Happily married with family children. Social Register, best clubs. Ancestors too busy fighting French, British, Indians to sign sissy document like Declaration. Family of soldiers, writers, preachers. Recently of wealth and influence. Ten years successful in own advertising business. Newspaper experience. Trusted too many banks. Have worked like dog three years to pay off hundred thousand dollars debts. Now clear, no debts, no assets, no business. Good salesman, working at it. Pay satisfactory but hate selling things. Prefer ideas. Have organized and put on feet number of businesses now successful. Speak French and Spanish and have conducted delicate negotiations in both. Read Italian, Latin, Greek. Manuscripts accepted often as tendered by all but best magazines, and by them occasionally. Can write, speak and lecture. Answer to all this: morale gone from doing with clenched teeth what do not enjoy doing. I WANT A JOB FOR WHICH I AM FITTED and like. Amount payment secondary if future is there. Tired of living on wife's money or would not be doing what I am. Suggest special missions anywhere requiring appearance, tact, diplomacy, courage or recklessness (insured for $150,000). Publicity. Ghost writing. Amanuensis. Collaboration with scientist who knows all I am ignorant of but can't write it. Anything that is a man's job in world where men are subordinated to conditions. Box 70-A.

JOHN CROYNE — Extremely interested; please send address. Box 41-A.

KIND Benefactors wanted to support established, attractive, national, monthly, juvenile stamp collecting magazine. Monthly $10 contributions insure life of splendid youth's hobby medium. Associate editorships granted. Sample copies, prominent references furnished. (Merely curious ignored.) Maurice G. Layne, A.M., 9515 McQuade, Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE:—Christopher Saur Bible, first edition, 1743, complete, Original Binding, Good Condition. Edna McGrew, Pelham Court Hotel, Philadelphia.

WHAT have you ever read about Rembrandt? We will send you Frank Jewett Mather's "Rembrandt's Paintings" for 12c. Esto Publishing Company, Box 46-V, Pasadena, California.

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JOHN COWPER POWYS

". . . I have tried to write as if I were going to be executed when it was finished. . . ."

Here is one of the most astonishing letters ever received, read or heard of by *The Inner Sanctum* in fifteen years of epistolary research. It is a note from JOHN COWPER POWYS to your correspondents regarding his *Autobiography*, published today.

"I have tried to write my life as if I were confessing to a priest, a philosopher, and a wise old woman. I have tried to write it as if I were going to be executed when it was finished. . . .

"I have sought to get rid of all pose, all pretense, all hypocrisy, all self-deception, all wordy idealism, all false dignity. I have tried to show where the child is father to the youth, and the youth to the man, and the man to the elderly man; but I have restrained myself from trying to force into an intelligible evolution facts that seem self-contradictory, characteristics that have apparently remained static, or have even receded and disintegrated. I have been quite frank about all my erotic peculiarities as far as I understand them and I have tried to show how these same peculiarities lie at the bottom of all my rooted prejudices, whether religious, social, philosophical or aesthetic. . . .

"I have been frank about things—and not only in erotic matters either—where most autobiographies are reticent and I have tried to eliminate altogether those tedious details with which most autobiographies are full. In brief, this book may hurt some and surprise others, but I cannot think it will appear dull to any."

Only a few people in the history of the world could write such a letter—perhaps only a JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU or a JOHN COWPER POWYS; and for that matter only a few people in the annals of literature could write such an *Autobiography*.

On May 16, 1929, *The Inner Sanctum* said in this column:

> *This is the destined day of ripe fulfillment for* JOHN COWPER POWYS *. . .* Wolf Solent *is published today.*

One week later, on May 23, 1929, *The Inner Sanctum* said:

> Wolf Solent *is widely hailed as a monumental achievement challenging comparison with the immortals. . . . When* The Inner Sanctum *read the manuscript one year ago, it recognized from the first page to the last the stuff of greatness, and immediately compared* JOHN COWPER POWYS *to* THOMAS HARDY *and* FEODOR DOSTOEVSKY. *This comparison sank deep, but now the confirming verdict of the critics goes even further. . . .*

And now JOHN COWPER POWYS tells his own life-story in a volume of 595 pages which he calls simply *Autobiography*.

Only the man who wrote *Wolf Solent*, *A Philosophy of Solitude* and *In Defence of Sensuality* could have written such an *Autobiography*. Only a poet and prophet and wandering philosopher who can trace his lineage back to WILLIAM COWPER and JOHN DONNE would have dared to fling his solitary romantic faith against the cynical fashions of our time.

The *Autobiography* of JOHN COWPER POWYS is an outpouring of the author's credo—a way of life, a confession, "an invocation to hard-won happiness," set down in a fervor of self-revelation. It is an honor and privilege to announce here that this *Autobiography* is published today by

ESSANDESS

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞"Are you one of the Book Gentlemen?" says the femme de chambre, coming in to do the room. She sees the bed littered with volumes: some to be read for the Book-of-the-Month Club, others detective stories borrowed from Marcella Hahner of Marshall Field's to "rectify perturbations" as old Burton used to say. Yes, admits Old Itinerating Q., he's a Book Gentleman. A lot of them come to this hotel, she says; in fact, Mr. Frank Jones of Little, Brown was in this same room the other day. She broods a while on the geniality of book gentlemen. It must be a fine line of business, she says. Yes, Old Q. is on one of his amateurish Trade Surveys. And whenever he reaches the darling old Congress Hotel in Chi he thinks of a beautiful poem by Robert Bridges about a traveller in a far country: "I, already arrived, am inhaling the odorous air." For the Congress is remembered always for the subtle perfume of some sweet antitoxin which it uses as cleanser. And for the huge jars and potteries in its lobby, which remind Q. always of Effendi Doubleday's famous oversize waste basket at Garden City.

☞Brief impressions by the way:—The pleasure of Miss Fay and Miss Foote, of State College Bookshop, Albany, in being the first to see Doubleday's new edition ($1.50) of *Dreamthorp*, a consignment of which was personally toted up to Albany for them by Mr. Frank (Bicarb) Henry; no Sales Manager could do more. ☞Visited Miss Hilda Pinkney of the Russell Sage Bookshop in Troy: a most attractive shop in a spacious and hospitable old house; a great asset to the college. ☞The first sky-sign seen in Albany was the Albany Felt Co., reminding Old Q. that here lives Professor H. W. Thompson, biographer of "The Man of Feeling" (Mackenzie). Delightful to meet Prof. Thompson again, one of the most inspiring teachers of literature and a royal singer of chanteys. ☞Speaking of royalty, our old friend Vincent Starrett of Chicago is descended from the Stuart kings of Scotland and always wears a Stuart plaid muffler. His complete baptism was Charles Vincent Starrett, the last being a North of Ireland misbroguing of Stuart. A little group of his admirers in Chicago still think of offering him for the throne of Britain. ☞Old Q. missed the new streamline train: it flashed through Rochester the same night Q. arrived there; but at 2:39 a.m., too late for him to stay up. Al Sigl, Rochester's favorite Roving Reporter, told us about it. ☞Found Rochester booksellers in good spirits: Clarence Smith's new shop very handsome; Scrantom's merging its two book stores into one, in the Taylor Building store, and holding a remarkable bargain sale for pre-holiday clearance. Billy Button at Scrantom's is an Edward Lear enthusiast and showed me some fascinating MS verses and drawings lent him by Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, the author of the delightful *Roman Spring* (a best seller in Rochester since its publication). Mrs. Chanler knew Edward Lear ("how pleasant"!) well in her childhood; he wrote many humorous letters to her, and she remembers him singing *The Owl and the Pussycat*. ☞John Lowe, Rochester's librarian, told me of the progress of the new Public Library, which will have eleven waterfalls inside the basement. The same water, after being educated in this way, turns turbines farther down the river. Mrs. Meyers and Mrs. Heilbrunn have Saturday morning Reading Alouds in their gay little Children's Book Shop, which has done well in its first year.

☞Had a very pleasant chat with Mr. Powers of Sibley Lindsay & Curr's book department; and admired the windows of Rochester's couturières, gay with costumes for the opening opera. The ladies of Rochester are wearing "flattering swirls of sable, slenderizing diagonals, and swishing black taffeta—very, very backless." ☞The trade in Chicago still remembering Mr. Alexander Woollcott's recent visit when he broke all records for autographing books: both his own and James Hilton's. He was said to be "quietly mad" with fatigue. A very heavy advance publicity for Gertrude Stein is observable. John Scheele at Marshall Field's commends *The Salzburg Tales* by Christina Stead, which they have sold very well. ☞Cort Fitzsimmons of Viking was seen taking big orders for *Musa Dagh* (will they cut the *Forty Days* out of the title, which spoils the suspense?) Grant Wood's sardonic painting, "Daughters of Revolution" was, surprisingly, the second in popularity at the Art Institute's Century of Progress show. First vote went to Jules Breton's "The Song of the Lark."

☞And in New York: The Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers is looking for a book trade slogan, emphasizing home ownership of books and building home libraries. Send suggestions to Miss Marjorie Griesser at the National Association of Book Publishers, 347 Fifth Avenue. ☞The Joint Board is also interested in ideas to make it easy for space-cramped book owners to pass along old books no longer wanted to people who can use but not buy them. Under the watchword, "An unused book is a social loss," booksellers are urged to cooperate with local social and welfare agencies in collecting and distributing such books. The Junior League has been mentioned as a possible cooperator, and we can think of no organization better equipped to deal with social losses.

☞We see in the current issue of *The New Yorker* that Ogden Nash, who used to be a publisher, has not forgotten how to write blurbs. We wonder how he stands with the Amateur Writers' Association? *The New Yorker*, incidentally, might supply a title for that next book of Ogden's, which has been announced under a variety of nomenclature: how about *The Gold Seal in the Bedroom*? ☞For the Wilderness Edition of the Complete Plays of Eugene O'Neill (750 sets for sale) Scribners secured the book designing services of Elmer Adler. The main problem was to distinguish clearly between the dialogue and the many stage directions and remarks of the author. We await the verdict of the Compleat Collector. ☞Ed Noyes picked us up neatly in *The Pleasures of Publishing* in re giving credit where credit is due for the sales of *While Rome Burns*. ☞We hear that the lecturing business has improved: somebody quoted William B. Feakins's lecture bureau to this effect. This ought to be optimistic news for the operators of other cultural pursuits, such as bookselling.

The Author of WAH'KON-TAH

John Joseph Mathews

tells a powerful American story of today, in this novel of the struggle of a young Osage Indian to adjust himself to the alien civilization of the white man.

SUNDOWN

$2.50 LONGMANS

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A pertinent and important book by Paul Cohen-Portheim, author of "England The Unknown Isle." ($3.50)

SHRINE OF ST. CHARLES

It is no surprise that the famous humorist, E. V. Lucas, is also the world's best authority on Charles Lamb and the author of the definitive biography of the man. This present volume is a collection of all his stray writings on his favorite author, the centenary of whose death is observed this year. The "St. Charles" of the title refers to the term used by Thackeray as he read one of Elia's familiar epistles. Illustrated. ($2)

THE ANATOMY OF DESSERT

The author, Edward A. Bunyard, can make you feel, smell and taste a gorgeous assembly of fruits and wine. He has studied them and their history—apples, apricots, cherries, figs, grapes, nectarines, strawberries; claret, sauterne, port, sherry and their lovely companions. He revels in appearances and flavors; he blends them lovingly. He is a true connoisseur of the classical desserts of fruit and wines, which he pronounces the ideal end to the simplest or the most sumptuous meal. With his many scholarly allusions, he is like a ripe poet of Old Greece praising the good fruits of vine and tree, and offering his book as homage. ($2)

STILL DEAD

A gripping mystery by Father Ronald Knox, author of "Settled Out of Court." For those who enjoy a good mystery by a brilliant author, about nice people. . . . A challenge to the alertness of his readers! ($2)

SECOND HOUSE FROM THE CORNER

"Better than 'I Cover the Waterfront' . . . akin to Genius."—*Los Angeles Times*. "In my opinion Max Miller gives us the most entertaining collection of modern characters ever delineated by an American author!" Signed: *Bob Davis*. ($2.50)

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The successful new novel by Ethel Boileau, author of the internationally famous best-seller "A Gay Family." ($2.50)

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—*C. Cestre in La Revue Anglo-Américaine.*

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